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# THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL OF SPORTS AND SENSATIONAL EVENTS

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SARAH BERNHARDT.

THE FAMOUS FRENCH ACTRESS, SCULPTRESS AND AUTHORESS, RECOGNIZED AS THE QUEEN OF THE FRAGIC STAGE.—[FROM PORTRAIT FURNISHED EXCLUSIVELY TO THE POLICE GAZETTE FROM PARIS.—SEE PAGE 6.]



# THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

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Photographs and Sketches mailed to this paper exclusively, if made use of, will be liberally paid for. We also desire to obtain the name and address of each artist and photographer throughout the entire country.

T. H., Rochester, N. Y.—You can send the portrait of any prominent sporting man in your city. It will be accepted.

"ANXIOUS," Freeport, Ill.—Yes: "Footlight Favorites" will soon be out. Send your orders immediately. First come, first served.

"WELL WISHER," Miss.—Your communication is declined, although very good. Next time write on one side of the paper, and you will get better recognition.

CHIEF OF POLICE, Buffalo, N. Y.—Many thanks for your kindness. Don't be bashful in requesting favors of us. We shall be pleased to do you a kindness at any time.

"SHOE-MAKER," Buffalo, N. Y.—The Manhattan Pictorial Printing Company have on hand cuts that will hit your business exact. Send for estimates and samples to 183 William Street, New York.

"SILENCE," Titusville, Pa.—Have not received any account from you up to date. Any good matter of general interest to our readers, if accepted, will be paid for. We must have undisputed proof of its authenticity.

J. W. LITTLE, Detroit, Mich.—Don't be fool enough to invest your money in the so-called "Frankfort School Lottery Co.," thinking that it is intended for the benefit of a school. Write to Anthony Comstock and forward him receipt for tickets you purchased: perhaps he can assist you.

"BLOCKHEAD," Marion, O.—You have adopted a fitting nom de plume. If you have any charity in your nature, please exercise it in keeping your effusions away from us. We have, like the Irishman about to be hung, "more trouble than our skin can hold," in dealing with blockheads of your stripe.

NEWSDEALER, New York City.—The **POLICE GAZETTE** of New York is not returnable from the trade. It costs more money to produce the **GAZETTE** in its present unsurpassed style than any single illustrated paper in America. We have nothing to do with the "Police News," as you term the Boston sheet, which you can return by the wagon loads if you can't sell it. We do not intend the **POLICE GAZETTE** to be read without first buying it.

## AN ABUSED POWER.

A large number of the criminals who have been pardoned out of State Prison by tender-hearted executives have re-entered upon a course of crime almost as soon as their liberty was regained. Many of the worst crimes committed during the past few years have been the work of men who, but for misapplied executive clemency, would have been in prison.

These facts ought to have sufficient weight to secure such legislation as will greatly restrict the pardoning power. In most of the States the Governor alone is clothed with this great authority and most serious responsibility. It is too much to repose on any one man, and the experience of governors is that the most arduous, difficult and trying of all their duties are those which arise in this connection. The pressure brought to bear in many cases is literally overwhelming. It often happens that the very worst criminals, those who deliberately prefer a life of crime, and are beyond the possible reach of reformatory agencies, are possessed of powerful influence. They have numerous relatives who are rich and occupy high social positions. These friends rally around their depraved relative as soon as he is accused of a breach of the criminal law. They are anxious to avoid the disgrace of his conviction. They furnish him with eminent counsel, and nine cases out of ten, they secure his acquittal, however clearly his guilt may be shown.

If, however, the case is too strong against him and the honest jury bring in a verdict of guilty, the judge will give him the lightest sentence possible, "on account of the high standing of the young man's family."

So the youth who has had all the advantages of good associations and moral influences gets a minimum penalty, while the wretch who was born in the slums, and imbibed his instincts from his surroundings, gets all the law allows.

But the disparity does not stop here. The friendless man, who may have been more sinned against than sinning, goes in to prison to serve out his full term, for no friends will beseege the executive in his behalf. But his wealthy colleague in crime is no sooner domiciled in prison than his influential connections begin to work for a pardon, and the chances are that they will succeed in a few months, and that when their criminal is loose, he will return to his former mode of life—the mode of his own choice, to which he was not impelled by bad surroundings or cruel necessity.

Hundreds of such cases could be cited from the criminal records of the states. They show the urgent necessity of a reform. It would be better to do away with the pardoning power utterly than to continue the existing abuses.

## "THE" RISES TO EXPLAIN.

The following characteristic letter from Theodore Allen will explain the light in which he views "The History of his Life," now being published in the **POLICE GAZETTE**. Unlike most men, whose life becomes public property, he desires that the whole truth shall be told, plainly and frankly, omitting nothing that will influence any opinion good, bad or indifferent, that may be entertained of him. Everybody will admire his independence, although considering it indiscreet. Of the latter proposition he is the best judge. He has made it a point to suit himself in the past, and he will probably hold to that excellent rule of life in the future. The **GAZETTE** promises faithfully to gratify him in its sketches, and its readers can feel assured that they will be a faithful reflex of a life full of strange experiences.

EDITOR NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE.—Sir: You have recently commenced what you term "Reminiscences in the life of Theodore Allen," in which you intimate that they are written by himself. Now, sir, if the writer thinks there is anything in my life worth recording, please give him all the credit he deserves for his ability, as I don't think it fair to detract from his merits. And as this is the presidential year, will you kindly ask him not to write me up as either a "Saint" or a "Beau Brummel," as it may bring me into such prominence that the Female Suffragists (angels protect them) would in all human probability nominate and elect me to that high office, at the meagre salary of fifty thousand dollars a year, and as I do not want it any more than Generals Garfield or Hancock, you can very readily see what trouble and annoyance you may cause me. Trusting, Mr. Editor, that you or any of your readers after looking over the sketches will not think that there is any more harm in me than there is in a rattlesnake or a mad bull, I remain  
Yours,  
THEODORE ALLEN.  
New York, August 30, 1880.

## A GOOD AMENDMENT.

Of all the criminals who set their face against society and its laws, the most devilish of the lot is the abortionist. The man who dyes his hand in human blood, while smarting under some real or fancied wrong, or even the assassin who murders for gain, can be regarded with charity in comparison with the wretch who deliberately dabbles his hand in the blood of unfortunate women and their innocent unborn progeny. Yet, notwithstanding the heinousness of this crime, the number of

victims which it has sent to dishonored graves, and the growing frequency of its practice, law-makers put forth no effort to check it. The career of "Dr. Earll," printed in this issue, is a commentary on such negligence which should bring the blush of shame to the cheek of every man who assumes to legislate for the welfare of his kind.

For years this monster has been openly engaged in his horrid calling, and one occasion, served a year in Joliet for murdering a young woman "scientifically." (Men who have been forced by stern want to steal the common necessities of life, often get heavier sentences than that in this and other states.) As soon as Earll regained his freedom he began his work of butchery anew. Nettie Carl and her innocent babe are the last victims.

Could there be any stronger proof of the necessity of a change in the laws punishing this crime? A term in prison is of no use. Let the statutes be amended, and "hanging" be put in the place of "imprisonment." Every man and woman who engages in this business will commit, and do commit if they get the chance, murder. Let them be dealt with accordingly, and this crime and its practitioners will become less common.

## HOW SHE LOVED HIM.

### A Singular Ruse to Gain an Unwilling Swain.

A case aptly illustrating the straits of true love was tried in the Knox Circuit Court, Ind., a few days ago. The plaintiff was a young man named Joe Buchanan, and the defendant Emma Buchanan, who appeared by attorney. The complaint was detailed some months ago, and set forth the fact that the plaintiff coerced, marriage being the alternative to a term in jail for bastardy. After the marriage it was developed that the girl's rotund proportions were assumed for the occasion. The testimony was to the effect that the girl was hopelessly in love with Buchanan, her suit was rejected, and she put up a job on the flinty-hearted Adonis that brought him to grief and Hymen's altar in short order. Mrs. Gray, a Witness, testified that she saw Mrs. Buchanan, nee Martin, arranging her toilet one day, preliminary movement being to fasten a store blanket, with striped ends, in graceful folds around her. Subsequently she asked Mrs. Buchanan why she swore against Joe when she knew it was not true. The girl replied that she loved him so hard that she found such an act necessary, as she could not get him any other way. The defendant lives in Missouri. The case was taken under advisement.

## A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.

### Would-Be Detectives Can Now Distinguish Themselves and Raise a Stake.

[With Portrait.]

\$250 Reward is offered by authority of the Ontario Government for the arrest and detention of William Heney, for the murder of John Morrison, at Bearbrook, in the county of Russell, on the 25th of June 1880.

William Heney is thirty-four years of age; about 5 feet 10 inches high; weighs about 160 pounds; his complexion is very dark, and small dark grey eyes. His forehead is a very peculiar shape, and has a furrow running across it midway between eyes and hair; nose very low between the eyes, and then a rise, then a hollow, and the end rises again; one front tooth out; large dimple in the chin; shoulders a little stooped; walks with a shuffling gait.

Heney is a Canadian by birth, of Irish parents, and used to work as a farm laborer.

When arrested, communicate immediately with  
J. W. MURRAY,  
Government Detective, Toronto, Can.

## A WOMAN'S PERIL.

### A Cowardly Attempt at Assassination—A Bad Way to Obtain Satisfaction.

A cowardly attempt was made on the night of August 30th, to assassinate Mrs. Sarah Creighton, living on a farm near Canal Winchester, O., on the Columbus and Hocking Valley Railroad. Between 6 and 7 o'clock in the evening some rascal crept up to the farm-house and fired at Mrs. Creighton. The shot took effect in her arm, producing a severe wound. The woman has had a tragic history. She was married to a wealthy farmer some years ago. They lived very unhappily, and some four years ago during an altercation she hit her husband with a heavy missile and killed him. It was claimed in her trial that the blow was in self-defense, but notwithstanding this Mrs. Creighton got a term in the penitentiary, from which she was released but a few months ago. She has been living alone since. No arrest has been made of the suspected assassin.

## SEDUCTION AND ABDUCTION.

### The Outcome of Loose Morals—A Scoundrel in High Circles.

Lacygne, Kan., is terribly worked up over an abduction, seduction and elopement case, in which J. B. Roberts and Miss Ella Ward, of Olathe, Kan., are the principals. The tongue of scandal has been wagging for some time among high circles, but not until the morning of the 29th ult., was any overt act committed. In the evening they arrived at Lacygne, having left home the afternoon before, their people not knowing their departure. They registered at a leading hotel, and on the following morning were arrested. The man in the case was placed in jail, and the young lady sent back to her home. Roberts is still in the hands of the law.

## SEASONING.

CHICAGO girls never find it hard to elope. They make rope-ladders of their shoestrings.

THE proprietor of a Louisville bone factory announces that persons leaving their bones with him can have them ground at short notice.

If lawyers offered prayers to Heaven one half as often as they offer them to the court, there might be some chance of one or two of them getting in.

A WESTERN young man dressed up as a girl, and got half the beaux of a town that he visited in love with him, until he gave himself away by not fainting at sight of a move.

"YOUNG man," said an irate father, "I want you to understand that my house is not a hospital; neither is this sofa a dissecting table, and you ain't no army surgeon, nor my daughter a corpse." He went.

A VILLAGE poet recently lost a lot of original verses while crossing a rye-field, and in ten minutes, over a thousand army worms waited on the neighboring farm in a body and asked where he kept his Paris green.

"ARE you there, my love?" he whispered through a hole in the fence of his beloved's garden. "Yes, darling," was the reply; "jump over." He did so, and alighted in the presence of an enraged mother, a broomstick and a guardian of the night.

She wore the prettiest frizzled hair,  
Of yellowish, golden sheen;  
Her style it was so debonnaire,  
And haughty was her mien—  
Her actions grace in every move;  
Her walk! O heaven's gift!  
In fact, a creature made for love,  
But, alas! her shoes were 8.

"ARE you guilty or not guilty?" was asked of a colored prisoner. "Well, boss, he replied, "I was in the immediate nabo'hood when dem hams was taken, but it doesn't look jis right to beat dis respectant crowd outen de pleassurableness ob seein' a trial, do it? Da'fo' I pleads n. g!"

Never tell a girl you love her  
Till you think her pa is willin';  
Never tell a man he's honest  
When you think he is a villain;  
Never think you are so funny  
That your wit will live forever;  
Never use that old expression,  
Weak and weary—"hardly ever."

A NEW and fascinating amusement has been introduced in Chicago by small children whose parents live in hotels. It consists in scattering the blocks used in building play-houses along the stairs leading from the upper floors of the hotel. The game is for the boarders to get down stairs alive.

WHEN Tanner was fasting there were lots of eligible maidens and widows who wanted to marry him, because there would not be any cooking to do for him. But they changed their minds when they learned that after the fast he had been eating eight meals and lunches a day.—*Hartford Journal*.

## TWO THREATS.

Within a forest dark I sought  
A lovely maiden, fair and proud,  
And fondly clasped her neck, when, lo!  
She threatened: "I will cry aloud!"

With haughty speech I shouted then:  
"Who dares approach thee I will crush!"  
She softly whispered: "Love, I fear  
They may o'erhear thee!—darling, hush!"

NEWLY-MARRIED husband (jocularly): "Well, dear, if there is a smash on the line, you're well provided for. I've made my will, you know."—Newly-married wife (playfully): "Yes, love; but don't you think you'd better run and get an insurance ticket for the largest amount you can? It would be so handy to buy the mourning; black always does become me so."

"Is your programme full Miss Beetlecrusher?" asked a young man of a western damsel who had just struggled out of the refreshment room with disappointment in her eye and an "order of dances" in her hand. "Programme full?" asked the daughter of the setting sun. "Wall, I guess not! I haint had nothing but a piece of cake and an ice cream, but they don't go far towards filling my programme, I can tell you."

"I SAW Mr. DeSmith yesterday, and I never was more surprised in my life. His hair has turned perfectly white within the last week." Maybe he has run out of hair-dye, remarked Gilhooly. "It can't be that. Very likely he has been overwhelmed with some sudden, unexpected shock to his feelings; some great affliction he could not bear up under." "Yaas," responded Gilhooly, who owes everybody, "perhaps somebody shoved a bill at him."—*Galesburg News*.

SHE (whispering)—Hush! Take it, darling. Your heart will teach you to find out it's use. He—Kind, thoughtful girl! Any dainty is welcome in camp. SHE—Not a word. Papa is waking. Goodby! And he was gone. And when he found she had given him a cat in the basket he waxed wroth, for, alas! his heart did not teach him that when in camp he should hide a billet under his collar and let it loose, whereupon Tom would make his way straight back to his mistress.

A FARMER once led two turkeys into his granary and told them to eat, drink and be merry. One of the turkeys was wise and the other foolish. The foolish bird indulged excessively in the pleasures of the abundant stores of the stable, unsuspecting of the future, but the wise fowl, in order that he might not be fattened and slaughtered, fasted continually, mortified his flesh and devoted himself to gloomy reflections upon the brevity of life. When Thanksgiving approached, the honest farmer killed both turkeys, and by placing a rock in the interior of the prudent turkey made him weigh more than his plumper brother. Moral.—As we journey through life let us live by the way.—*Milwaukee Sun*.



## LIFE'S CURIOSITY SHOP.

It is said that Father Scully, Roman Catholic priest who figured in the school troubles at Cambridge, Mass., some months ago, has declared against "banged" hair by the young women of his congregation, and has said that no one wearing her hair cut in that style will be permitted to enter his church.

THE whisky war has broken out anew in Omro, Wis., where a saloon is now being run under the so-called "iron clad" system, which requires every man buying a glass of beer to sign a contract for a case of beer to be delivered; then he takes his beer by the glass or bottle or as fast as he wants to use it, paying for it the same way.

MISS EMELINE WOOLFORD, of Mount Blanchard, Ohio, gave birth, on the 2d inst., to a bouncing baby, who is doubly without a father, so to speak. The young lady has never been married, and also claimed to her physician that she had never known man in the requisite sense. Put Hancock county down as the home of a miracle.

In Whitley county, Ky., a young man sent for a minister to meet him at a certain place for the purpose of performing a marriage ceremony. The good man lost his way, and, after considerable delay, the lovers concluded to search for him. All the parties met in the highway, and, without dismounting, the young couple were married on the spot.

ANNIE HAYWOOD, a domestic servant, was charged before the Birmingham magistrates recently with boiling a cat alive. She was seen by a neighbor carrying the cat in her apron to a wash-house, and soon afterward came out shaking her apron. She frankly admitted that she had put the cat in the boiler out of spite to her sister, to whom it belonged.

AN Eastern girl visiting Colorado fell in love with a desperado. She became romantic, had a scarlet saddle cloth for her fine broncho, a green dress for herself, with a gold-mounted leather belt and a sheath knife. In the band of her Derby hat she wore a smaller knife. She discovered that the men had had several wives, who had mysteriously disappeared. Her romance was undone, and she wanted to go home.

A CHARMING widow of Stillwater, Minn., owns a nice boy, and a man from St. Paul wants to be appointed a deputy father to him. While the St. Paul man was strolling down street with the boy he asked, "Bub, does your mother bang her hair?" And that boy answered, "Oh, no; but you ought to see her bang dad's head. Guess the minister didn't know everything when he told pap to prepare to die. Prepare! Why, he was aching to die!"

NAPOLEON B. ARTHUR deserted his wife and family at Marysville, O., twenty years ago, to elope with a neighbor's daughter. His wife remained on the farm and reared their children, while he wandered about the country. A poor, broken old tramp presented himself recently at the homestead. This was the wreck of the husband and father. He begged for food and lodging, expressing the utmost contrition for his bad behavior. She let the dog on him, and he barely escaped with his life.

It is reported that out in Mason Valley, a Piute squaw lately gave birth to a female papoose, which has, instead of hands, two almost perfectly-shaped frogs joined to the wrists at their back. The infant is able to move the legs and open the mouth of what takes the place of the right hand. The one fastened on the left wrist is not so complete, as the mouth will not open, but the legs move as freely as the other. It is supposed that the mother was frightened by a frog sometime previously. The Indians regard the infant as "Big Medicine," and the squaw now occupies a high social position.

JOSEPH DOE returned to his home in Mt. Vernon, from a journey in the west. He walked into his house without ceremony, and found his wife in the arms of another man. He did not wait for an explanation, but immediately commenced to let him know that he was in the wrong roost, kicking him out with great vigor. The fellow proved to be Dan Lyman, late of the Ohio penitentiary, pardoned out by Gov. Bishop. Lyman took shelter under the Dry creek bridge, in his nude state, until his clothes were brought to him. Doe returned to the house, but found his unfaithful wife has left for parts unknown.

MRS. HANSEN, a respectable old lady of San Francisco, Cal., reports that the perturbed spirit of the late William S. O'Brien, millionaire, visits her chamber nightly and complains of his treatment in the other world. Once the ghost, as if moved by malice, attempted to smash the furniture in the room, constantly emitting groans the while. On another occasion Mrs. Hansen asked the unwelcome visitor, "What was the matter with him?" "My soul oh, my soul!" groaned the millionaire in reply. Mrs. Hansen's hair is said to have turned gray from fright. But then she is sixty-five years old anyhow.

THE Rev. Moses Harris was the Moody of a colored camp meeting at Sherwood, O., and his pretty yellow wife was his Sankey. In the midst of one of his fervid exhortations a tall, gaunt black woman pressed her way through the crowd toward him. He staggered into the arms of the mulatto Mrs. Harris, and a moment later hurried with her beyond the enclosure. The advancing woman shouted "Stop dem yer niggers! Dar's my husband, fo' heaven. Yo' Moze, come back yer!" An hour later the fugitive couple emerged from a thicket at a station five miles west of the camp, to which point they had walked through the woods, and took the westward train.

Among the inmates of the state asylum for the insane criminals at Auburn is a man named George Tucker, who is serving a term of fifteen years, for burglary. He was sentenced in New York to Sing Sing, and was subsequently transferred to Clinton Prison. In 1878 he became insane and was sent to the asylum

at Auburn. Tucker has just fallen heir to property valued at \$12,000, which was left him by his grandfather. His sentence does not expire until 1885, and in the meantime the authorities of the institution in which he is confined will ask the courts to appoint a board of trustees to care for his inheritance. Tucker is said to be a nephew of the Hon. Gideon Tucker. He has served several terms previously in different prisons, and is an outcast from the family whose name he bears.

SPOKENE FALLS, Washington Territory, claims to have a medicine lake a mile and a half long that would have satisfied even Ponce de Leon's search for the fountain of youth. The water is clear and of a dark color, and besides curing skin diseases of men and beasts, lays out nervous troubles, rheumatism, paralysis and similar ailments. The water has not been analyzed, but tastes of salt and borax, is as buoyant as the Dead Sea, and the only animal life it sustains is a species of jelly-fish. The lake has no visible outlet, and although fed by several small streams, never decreases or increases in size. In the slightest breeze the water lashes itself into a foam which makes a superior soap, and almost anything can be cleansed in the lake much better than by the most powerful chemicals.

HISTORY tells of one Mrs. Story who went from Connecticut in 1775, and who was the first white woman who ever slept in Salisbury or Middlebury, Vt. Her husband, after building a log house, was killed in felling trees. She took his place in clearing up the farm and caring for the family. From the dense swamp near by she beheld her own and her neighbor's house pillaged and burnt by a party of Indians. In a high steep bank of the creek she excavated a place to float her canoe under ground, where she made a room large enough for her family. This was the historic Widow Story's Cave. In 1812 she married Captain Stephen Goodrich, one of the early settlers of Middlebury. There is a person now living who was present at that wedding. This witness is Mrs. Elizabeth S. Kelsey, now in the ninety-fourth year of her age.

A BLIND beggar was in the habit of frequenting the Pont des Sts. Peres, France, where he used to station himself with a clarinet and a very intelligent poodle. Contributions poured freely into the little wooden bowl which the dog held in his mouth. One day the blind man, who had reached an advanced age was not to be seen. He had fallen ill. His companion, however, continued to frequent the accustomed spot, and the passers-by, to whom he was familiar, understood that his master was unwell, and, touched by his fidelity, dropped their pence into his bowl in increased numbers. The beggar went the way of all flesh, an event which the wily poodle carefully kept to himself until he also became an absentee from the Pont des Sts. Peres. The poor animal was found lying dead in a cellar near his former master's abode, a sum of 10,000 francs in bonds of the Orleans Railway being discovered under the litter on which he was stretched.

## AN INHUMAN WOMAN.

Turning an Old Friend into the Streets in a Delicate Condition.

LOGANSPOUT, Ind., Sept. 1.—Emma Noss, a Richmond (Ind.) girl, aged 22 years, and of a rather bright disposition and a pretty face, came to this city on Tuesday last, for the purpose of paying a short visit to her old school friend, Mrs. Harold. The visitor was kindly received, and was apparently having a very pleasant visit, when, on yesterday, she was suddenly taken ill with pains in the region of the stomach. Mrs. Harold prepared to give her some pain-killer which was in the house, but the girl refused to take it, and, learning that a physician lived just across the way, went to his office. In a little while she returned to Mrs. Harold's, apparently in greater pain than before. She also seemed worried in mind, and, on being questioned as to what the physician said was the trouble, told, very reluctantly and with tears in her eyes, that she was enceinte and would, within a very short time, be delivered of a child.

This news struck Mrs. Harold almost dumb. The idea of such a state of affairs had not entered her mind, as her faith in the virtue of her guest had never had ought to question it. Recovering from her surprise, she became fearfully enraged at the thought that a friend would thus seek the roof of her house, and for the purpose of becoming a mother! The more she studied over the matter, the more angry she became, so that finally in madness she drove the girl from her door, and compelled her to carry her baggage with her.

By this time, the critical period of labor pains were upon the girl, and after walking aimlessly for a time on a street unknown to her she finally fell over exhausted and almost dead with pain. Luckily, some ladies with hearts like the good Samaritan, saw the girl fall, and, hurrying to her, she was taken up and carried to the residence of one of their number, Mrs. John Wincoop. Here she was given every attention, and in half an hour was delivered of a bouncing boy.

Emma says that she came here knowing her true condition, but feeling that she might hide her shame from her parents, even if she did violate the friendship of an old acquaintance. Any place, she says, was more acceptable to go than to remain at home and witness the grief of her parents on first becoming aware of her ruin and disgrace. She pleaded with her friends not to allow her parents to become aware of her condition, saying she would rather die than have them know it. They are said to be people highly respected and honored. Emma claims that a Richmond swell accomplished her ruin, under the promise of marriage, but she does not give his name.

Emma and her waif are getting along finely, and the indications are that they can soon leave for their home at Richmond—that is, if Emma is willing.

## CLOSE CALLS AND DEADLY ACCIDENTS

DR. WM. LUCAS, a young dentist of Clarion, Pa., recently met with a terrible accident. He was engaged in vulcanizing teeth. The vulcanizer exploded and tore off his right arm.

CHARLES FRIED, proprietor of a hotel in Mount Olive, O., about fifty-five years of age, while traveling, fell from the platform of the cars while going at full speed. He will probably die.

AN unknown man was found near the depot of the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific railroad at Joliet, Ill., cut all to pieces by the cars. The body was shoveled into a coffin and buried in the Potter's field.

MARK BOULTON, a prominent citizen of Sturgis City, D. T., committed suicide at that place Sunday night by shooting himself. Despondency, caused by the unfaithfulness of his wife, led to the act. Deceased hailed from Iowa.

A YOUNG man by the name of Delbert Carson, employed in the Buckeye Works at Akron, O., met with a peculiar accident. He was acting as pitcher in a base ball game and threw the ball with such force as to break his arm square off above the elbow.

BURNETT BOYD and Calvin Conklin, farmers, quarreled in the village of Penn Yan. Boyd struck Conklin below the temple, killing him instantly. The murderer is a young unmarried man, and Conklin is thirty-five years old and leaves a family. Both were drunk.

THE body of an unknown man, much mutilated, was found lying across the track of the Harlem River railroad at 97th street and Fourth avenue. He had been severed in two by a downward train passing over his body. The man was about twenty-eight years of age.

THE large portable saw-mill owned and operated by Penn & Prettyman, near Calais, O., exploded last week. At the time of the explosion the men engaged at work were moving a log some distance from the mill, but were all injured. The cause of the explosion is unknown.

A YOUNG man named Edward Mikesell, shot and killed his mother near Wauseon, Ohio, last week. Mikesell testified before the coroner that he was attempting to shoot a chicken and the gun was accidentally discharged, instantly killing his mother who was sitting at a window.

AN unknown man fell from the steamer Josie at Alton, Ill., just as she was pulling out from the dock and was drowned, although a boat was launched and every effort made to save him. He fell between the steamer and a barge which she was towing. The body has not been recovered.

A SINGULAR accident befell a colored infant at Holly Grove, Ark. Its six-year-old sister was trying to quiet it by shaking a snuff-box over its recumbent head, when the lid flew off, and the pungent dust was dumped bodily into its open mouth, causing instant death, presumably from the absorption of nicotine.

A FARMER attempted to drive a two-horse wagon across the railroad near Tuscarora station, Va., in front of a freight train, when the engine struck the team, killing one horse and fatally wounding the other, and throwing the man a considerable distance. Five cars were badly wrecked and the track torn up for several yards. No person seriously injured.

JOHN REILLY, aged about sixty-five years, a farmer living near Deer Park, Md., committed suicide by hanging himself in his barn with a halter. No cause is known for the rash act, except that it was prompted by grief for a daughter who died about four months ago, to whom he was devoted. He leaves a large family of grown-up children, and plenty for them to live on.

A DISPATCH from Paris states that Miss Candace M. Olney, once a well-known milliner in this city and who was a witness in the celebrated Newell divorce suit in April last, killed herself in the Hotel de France, at Pau. In a letter written before her death she says: "I am weary of life, and want rest," and asks to be placed in the coffin in the dress she wore when she died.

A MAN known generally as "Kentucky," and by no other name, was engaged in digging a well about six miles east of Springfield, Ill. When being raised from the bottom, and when near the top, the bucket turned, throwing him head downward to the bottom of the well upon a bed of rock, crushing in his skull in a frightful manner. The doctors think that his injuries will prove fatal.

PETER J. BRENNAN, a wealthy St. Louis merchant, died at Coney Island early in the week from injuries received by diving into a shallow pool of water. The shock from the blow on his head completely paralyzed him, but he was able to dictate his will and sign it before his death. He had come east to make preparations for his marriage with a New York lady whom he had met on a steamboat trip on the Mississippi.

WHILE Horace Jarvis was threshing on a farm near Haysville, Pa., he noticed that a quantity of straw had accumulated in the carrier and left his place to remove it. In climbing over the cylinder to the carrier he struck his head against a beam of the mow above, which so stunned him that he fell backward on the feeding board of the machine and was caught by one foot in the cylinder and was drawn into the machine to the hip before it could be stopped. When the unfortunate man was taken out his bowels were exposed, and he died in a few minutes.

## "As Nat'ral As Life."

[Subject of Illustration.]

An old rural couple on Sixth avenue, this city, one day last week, were traveling along that thorough-

fare "seein' the sights." They saw many things to interest them. At length they stopped in front of a fancy goods store, in the window of which was the bust of a lovely female, revolving about to display a magnificent head of blonde hair. "I do declare, Semantha," said the old man, "that's a queer business for a woman to be in." "That's only a dummy," "Siah," replied his wife with true feminine perception. "Well, it's as natural as life, any way, and I can't believe she's not alive till I get my hands on it," and he started in for the purpose of investigating. The very thought horrified his wife. "Don't be a tarnal fool, 'Siah; come along," and she grabbed him by the arm and forced him to depart in mystery. "There's some queer ways of makin' a livin' in New York," is the way the old man talks, when relating his experience to his friends. He still thinks "it was alive."

## AN INSULT RESENTED.

How a Pleasant Walk with Some Servants Ended—A Man Who Talked too Much.

A most cold-blooded murder occurred at St. Paul, Wis., on the 29th ult., about a quarter to 11 in the evening. It appears that early in the evening two men, named Robert Barton and William Devlin, called at the Clarendon hotel and secured the company of Mary Mordagum and Libby Steele, two girls of the house, for a walk about the city. The four continued the walk until the hour named, at which time they parted at the corner of Sixth and Sibley streets. As the girls separated from their escorts three young men, named George Larkin, John Carr and Daly, joined Barton and Devlin, and noticing the departing girls, Larkin made a remark reflecting upon their character. Barton resented the imputation, and, upon the remark being repeated, drew a knife and plunged it into Larkin's left side, just below the left nipple, causing death in about twenty-five minutes.

Barton and Devlin were promptly arrested, and are in the lock-up. Barton would make no explanation of his motive beyond his sudden anger at the imputation made by Larkin upon the girls. He also took all the blame to himself, asserting that Devlin did nothing and said nothing to provoke the encounter.

Larkin is about twenty-two years of age, a resident of the city, and was engaged as a teamster, and has borne a fair reputation. The affair causes great excitement.

## ROMANTIC, BUT TRUE.

Love's Young Dream in Canada—All's Well That Ends Well.

A young gentleman twenty-two years of age loved a young lady sixteen years of age, each being a member of one of the most respectable French families in the city of Montreal. The young lady had but recently completed her educational course in a convent and was not deemed by her parents of a proper age to admit of her contracting intimacies other than on a "fraternal" basis. "The course of true love," etc., but the young lady, undiscouraged at the confirmation of this proverb, established a trysting place, and continued the intimacy which her parents desired to check. The young man loved her passionately and was determined that no displeasure on the part of his or her family would for long interfere with their union. Together they planned an elopement far more romantic than the average novel, but their friends watched them closely, so that it was long before they had an opportunity to carry it out. A few days ago they made an attempt, but Detective Lafon had been besought to watch them, and suddenly surprised them just as their plans were maturing. They both gave way to passionate grief and chagrin at being detected. When brought back to her father's home, the young couple fell upon their knees, joined hands, and with tears told him that they could not live apart. The father was much moved, became a party to the contract, and gave them his blessing. Both are now man and wife.

## The Height of Extravagance.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A fashion correspondent of a western journal describes a scene which he witnessed in a fashionable establishment up-town not particular as to the character of its guests. A party of well-dressed cyprians were sitting in the private parlors, after supper, when the conversation turned upon dress, as usual. Forthcoming styles were discussed and present styles criticised. One of the number, who had just returned from Paris, excited envy in the breasts of the company by exhibiting hosiery worth \$100 a pair, accompanying the exhibition with the remark that there was nothing stingy about her. And the company concluded she was right.

## A Brutal Murderer.

[With Portrait.]

One of the most brutal murders that ever took place in the city of Buffalo was that performed by Martin Flannigan last week. His victim, John Cairns, was attacked in bed, and butchered in a manner that would have shamed a Modoc Indian. Flannigan was arrested, and is now in jail. His trial will take place at the next term of court, and he will no doubt be sentenced to stretch hemp.

## A Hard Case.

[Subject of Illustration.]

One of the most fiendish crimes lately enacted was that performed by a working girl, near Auburn Iowa. She had been a wanderer into forbidden paths, and was about to become a mother. She went to an unfrequented spot, gave birth to her child, and then at once killed and buried it with her own hand.



## BRUIN vs. MAN.

Whiskey in the latter prompts him to try his muscle on the former—An Unequal Contest.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Last week two sun-browned Poles visited Derrick, Pa., and gave street exhibitions to delighted audiences with a huge bear trained to walk erect, toss a pole and perform other antics. One of Derrick's residents, emboldened with a rather large quantity of whiskey which he had aboard, was unwilling to permit the show to proceed until he had mopped up the highway with the burly form of Bruin. He urged that the Poles remove the muzzle from the bear's mouth so that he should not be compelled to take a mean advantage of the animal. The bear-tamers, in an unintelligible tongue tried to dissuade the man from disturbing the equanimity of the animal. He insisted that he had a hatred for bears, however, and now that an opportunity was offered he intended to chew this one up by way of venting his feeling upon the entire bear family. The Poles refusing to strip bruin's muzzle off, the intoxicated individual called time for the fight.



A MONKEY IN THE CHICAGO ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN GETS LOOSE, AND CHEWS UP HIS KEEPER IN A FRIGHTFUL MANNER.

swelled with terror leaped over the sideboard and scampered into the office of the hotel, hotly pursued by the now thoroughly aroused canine. The prospect of a novel fight had the effect of drawing everyone into the office, where they watched the chase with interest. Suddenly, as the dog ran the kitten into a corner, there was a faint "swish?" which immediately followed by a desperate rush for fresh air. Fell mell, every man for himself, with fingers upon nostrils, the crowd quickly evaporated, leaving the proprietor inside.

"Gott in himmell! Ow! Oh! Cheesus, vat a tammed stink. Get out, Tige!" and he gave the shaking dog a kick that stove in all his ribs at one side, and sent him howling into the street. Meanwhile the "kitten" amused itself by making targets of everything about it, sprinkling the boots, chairs, papers, safe, and all with copious showers of an overpowering odorous perfume. After amusing itself in the office for some little time, it ran out of doors and into the basement-way, where it remained smiling at the prostrated crowd that peered cautiously at it. A policeman's whistle, blown lustily, was the means of bringing Officer William Boyd, upon the scene. William, having once lived in the country, knows a skunk when he sees one, and the minute he laid eyes on



A BELLIGERENT INDIVIDUAL, FILLED WITH BOOZE, EXERCISES HIS PUGILISTIC QUALITIES ON A TRAINED BEAR, WHO KNOCKS ALL THE FIGHT OUT OF HIM IN A FEW ROUNDS; DERRICK, PA.

First round—Bruin threw aside his pole and stood erect with perfect composure. After casting a few furtive glances about to see that there was no attacking persons in the rear, Bruin shambled to the scratch smiling. The Derrick citizen executed a Pat Muldoon jig and jumped forward, showing his teeth. He immediately opened the entertainment by planting a heavy blow upon Bruin's nose. Bruin staggered slightly. Regaining his position, and with lightning-like celerity, bruin brought his left paw down on the Derrick citizen's shoulder with the force of a pile-driver. The Derrick citizen went to grass and was quickly hugged by bruin. First blood and knock-down for the bear. After walking around over Derrick's citizen for a time the crowd cried "foul," but bruin heeded them not. The Poles clubbed him and after much trouble got him into his corner. Derrick's citizen quickly bounded to his feet, with his clothing in ribbons. His seconds threw up the sponge. He then wanted to trounce the Poles, but was persuaded to seek some more harmless amusement. The bear was awarded the fight and declared the best man.

## A BELLIGERENT MONKEY

On His Bite—Imitating His Descendants of Man—Chewing Propensities.

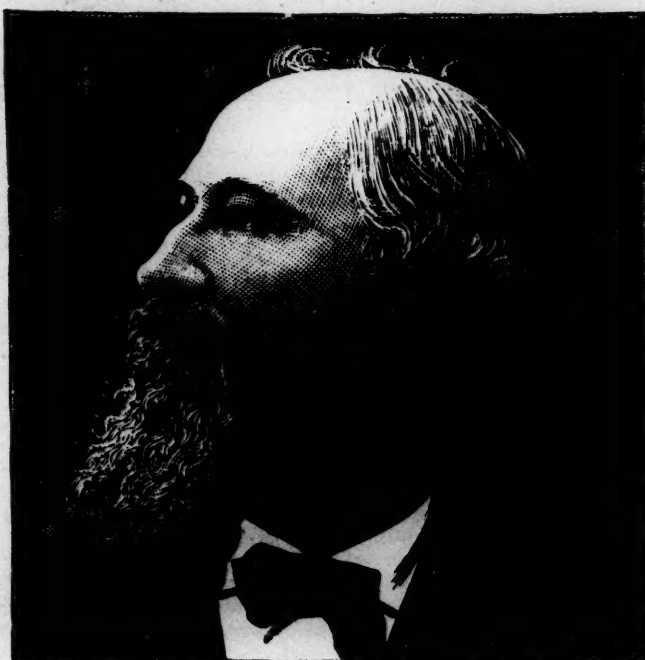
[Subject of Illustration.]

A bloody and possibly fatal fight occurred a few days ago between a man and a monkey in the Zoological Garden on State street, Chicago, Ill. Among the animals on exhibition was a large and vicious creature, being a cross between the gorilla and ordinary monkey, named "Jim," weighing about seventy-five pounds. On the morning of the occurrence he broke his chain and attacked the manager. The latter's cries brought Harry Martin to his aid, upon whom Jim immediately sprang and fastened his teeth and claws in his lower limbs, tearing them in a fearful manner before assistance could be rendered. The monkey escaped to Wabash avenue, pursued by a crowd, and there hid under the sidewalk. Martin was removed to a doctor's office, and his numerous and ugly wounds sewed up. He suffered greatly from loss of blood, but may survive.

## IT WAS NOT THE CAT.

An Animal That Raised a Smell Worse Than a Bone Factory—A Scrimmage That Will Need Disinfectants After it.

Last week a Teutonic farmer drove in from the country into Chicago, stopped his load of vegetables before the door of the "Farmers' house" on Randolph street, and stepped inside for a schooner of refreshing lager. During his absence from the wagon, a shaggy dog belonging to the proprietor of the house, that had been lazily snapping at bothersome flies while he lay upon the sidewalk, arose, shook himself, gave a scratch or two to his ear with a huge foot, and walked leisurely over to the wagon. He sniffed a moment about the wheels and ran his nose up and down the horse's knees, and then, as his eye happened to discover a tuft of yellow hair between a couple of cabbages, he began to bark wildly and jump about in a most insane manner. Seeing that he had treed something, a crowd soon gathered and an attempt was made to aid Tige in his efforts to get at the animal. When the vegetables were pulled aside a little yellow and black kitten with its tail



GEN. BRYAN GRIMES, A PROMINENT EX-CONFEDERATE OFFICER; MYSTERIOUSLY ASSASSINATED WHILE DRIVING TO HIS HOME, NEAR WASHINGTON, N. C.



A GIRL GIVES BIRTH TO A CHILD IN A LONELY SPOT, KILLS IT, AND BURIES IT WITH HER OWN HANDS; AUDUBON, IOWA.—SEE PAGE 3.



A WIDE-AWAKE FEMALE CROOK, WHILE TRAVELING UNDER ARREST WITH A SLEEPY CONSTABLE, MAKES HER ESCAPE, FIRST KISSING HIM GOOD-BYE.—SEE PAGE 7.

the "cat" he knew what the trouble was, and kept as far away as possible.

"Why don't you go right down and shoot it?" inquired a young fellow who had just come up.

"Oh, I don't care about it," replied the officer, "but if you want to try your marksmanship, here's my gun, go and shoot it."

Swelling with importance the fresh young man took the proffered weapon and walked boldly down the stair-way. He had gone about half way when the little animal drew a bead on him and he retired precipitously, covered with glory and fragrance. There being no way of getting the skunk out of his position the people gradually went away and it soon sought a more pleasant place.

The proprietor of the place loses the boot he kicked the dog with, a good deal of custom, and a quantity of books and the like. Some half a dozen are "out" a suit of clothes, and as many more are lying abed surrounded by disinfectants. And all for just one little skunk.

## SHE'S SICK OF HIM.

An Old Man's Darling Kicks Against Her Self-Imposed Lot—The Folly of Ill-Sorted Marriages.

A petition for divorce has just been filed at Bellefontaine, Ohio, that, to say the least, is very peculiar, and is but another exemplification of the truth of old Bill Shakespeare that "Crabbed Age and Youth cannot live together."

The petitioner in the premises is an old gentleman very near his three-score and ten, while the fair defendant is about twenty-eight or thirty.

The petitioner, James Adams, says he is a resident of Logan county, and has been for the year last past and is at present *bona fide* resident of said county.

He further represents that on or about the 26th day of June, 1878, he was married to the defendant, Mary J. Adams, at Rushsylvania, in Logan county, Ohio, and that he has ever since conducted himself toward the said Mary as a faithful husband. Yet the said plaintiff charges that the defendant, regardless of her duties as a wife toward him, has been willfully absent from him, and has refused to cohabit with him for more than a year. Plaintiff further says that defendant has been guilty of gross neglect of duty and also extreme cruelty without just cause or provocation on his part. Therefore, he prays that the writ of subpoena may issue against her, and that due service thereby made be made upon her, that she may be compelled to answer all and singular the premises; and that on the final hearing of the cause he may be divorced from her, and for such other relief as may be just in equity.

The old gentleman is a most respectable pumpkin-picker, living near Huntsville, six miles north of Bellefontaine, and is well off in lands and tenements. The defendant to the suit is a lady of good connections, and of a well-known family.

## NOT SO FUNNY.

Two Fools Entrapped Through a Joke.

SPRINGFIELD, Mo., Sept. 1.—Not only Springfield, but Green county, is all agog over a sensation which has occurred in the upper circles of society. On the 18th inst., Mr. M. C. O'Connell and Miss Edwina James, of Brookline, a few miles west of here, prevailed on the Rev. J. W. Grubbs, a Congregational



minister to perform the marriage ceremony for them, just for fun, as they thought. Notwithstanding, they joined hands and consented to the vows in such words as "Yah, yah," "you bet," and "I guess so." The minister seemed to take it all in good faith, and had the marriage duly recorded. When this fact became known, the feelings of the youth and maiden may be imagined. They were engaged to other parties, and their respected fiancés were in a state bordering on madness. The outcome was that Rev. Mr. Grubbs was tried to-day before Justice Rountree on a charge of recording a false marriage certificate. The Court-house was full of spectators of both sexes, and great merriment prevailed during examination of witnesses. The minister was fined \$25 but the case was appealed.

#### BALDWIN'S PRESENT.

A Toilet Preparation of Which Young Ladies Should Beware—An Embarrassing Situation—A Match Broken Up.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Mr. Baldwin, of Oshkosh, is a young man of unsullied character and a great favorite with the ladies. He has been for some time back very attentive to one, a Miss Bartlett, and manifested his more than friendly interest in her by presenting her with little presents calculated to delight the feminine heart. A short time since he bought of a peddler a bottle of hair cement, with the view of presenting it to Miss Bartlett. He meant to do a kind and thoughtful act; he knew that ladies are addicted to using various preparations—such as bandoline, mucilage and bloom of youth—for the purpose of keeping their hair in place and giving it a smooth and glossy appearance. The peddler told him that his hair cement was far superior to anything of the kind now in the market, and that no lady who had once used it would consent at any price to be without it. Mr. Baldwin, therefore, bought a bottle of the hair cement, and sent it to Miss Bartlett with a neatly-written note, in which he inadvertently renewed his vows of affection, while entreating her to use the cement that very evening for his sake. For what followed the peddler should be held primarily responsible, for it is idle to pretend that, had Mr. Baldwin foreseen the consequences of his act, he would never have placed the fatal bottle in the hands of one to whom he was devotedly attached.

About 8 o'clock in the evening Mr. Baldwin called on Miss Bartlett, and was delighted to notice the unusually glossy appearance of her hair. She said that there was no doubt that the hair cement was better



THE CHICAGO BASE-BALL CLUB.

1—FLINT. 2—ANSON. 3—GOLDSMITH. 4—QUEST 5—GORE. 6—WILLIAMSON. 7—BEALS. 8—DALRYMPLE. 9—KELLY. 10—BURNS. 11—CORCORAN.

selves on the sofa, proceeded to the business of the evening, which is said to have been the solution of a series of problems of quadratic equations.

At a little after 9 o'clock there was a sudden alarm of father in the front hall. In like circumstances the prudent young lady always turns up the light and seats herself in the rocking chair, a feat that can be done by young ladies in good practice in from three to five seconds. When Miss Bartlett undertook to rise with a view to the light and the rocking chair, she exclaimed "Oh, my!" in agonized tones, and, to Mr. Baldwin's immense astonishment, remained in her original position. There was not a second to be lost, for already the boots of the father were heard upon the floor, and he was on the point of turning the door-knob. Mr. Baldwin earnestly begged Miss Bartlett to recall her energies, or at all events to move and permit him to take the rocking chair; but while she was entreating him with sobs not to stir, the door opened and the father was upon them.

Unlike the typical western father, Mr. Bartlett was an amiable and jovial old gentleman, and when, after turning up the light, he perceived what was the matter, instead of sacrificing his daughter's hair he sat down in the rocking chair and laughed until his tears of delight flowed as freely as the sorrowful tears of his daughter. When he recovered his equanimity, he drew from Mr. Baldwin the story of the hair cement, and made it the text of a solemn lecture upon the folly of dealing with peddlers. It is just to him to say that, remembering his own youthful experience, he touched as lightly as possible upon the guilt of the young lovers in being young, but he gave Mr. Baldwin distinctly to understand that no young man capable of being made the victim of peddlers could be permitted to visit his daughter.

Later in the evening Mr. Bartlett summoned his wife and a basin of hot water, and after prolonged effort the hair cement was sufficiently softened to permit the separation of Miss Bartlett from the shoulder of Mr. Baldwin's coat. The young man left the house in a most pitiable state of mind and coat, and has not the least expectation of ever receiving the young lady's forgiveness.

#### The Size of Her Feet.

[Subject of Illustration.]

There is a pathetic story about a young man who went about measuring the footprints of all the young ladies who trod the sands of Cape May, and flattering himself that his own, his heart's darling, had the tiniest foot in the place. She wore a two and ev'rybody else seemed to wear a six or a seven as he judged from measuring the prints of their bathing slippers; but one day he met her arrayed for



WM. HENRY, WANTED AT TORONTO, CANADA, FOR MURDER; \$250 REWARD.



MARTIN FLANAGAN, MURDERER OF JOHN KAIRNS AT BUFFALO, N. Y.



ALONZO LANE, ALIAS H. J. HARRIS, BOARDING-HOUSE THIEF; ARRESTED IN WASHINGTON, D. C.



ALBERT W. KOOZLER, ROCKY MOUNTAIN AL, FAMOUS SCOUT AND REPORTER; LAS VEGAS, N. M.

than bandoline in point of adhesiveness, and that she hoped it would prove to be all that a woman's heart could wish. Still, she was a little afraid that it was

a trifle too sticky, inasmuch as the bottle had already glued itself fast to her dressing table. Mr. Baldwin said he hoped not, and assured her that the peddler

who sold him the bottle was an honest man, who could not tell a lie. The lovers then ceased to discuss the subject of hair cement, and, seating them-

the bath and measured her footprints, and now she wants a bathing slipper with a Louis Fifteen heel to win the young man back to her lonely heart.



A HAIR PREPARATION WHICH GAVE AWAY TO A FATHER THE MANNER IN WHICH HIS DAUGHTER SPENT HER EVENINGS; OSHKOSH, WIS.



A CRACK-BRAINED LOVER MEASURES THE FOOTPRINTS ON THE SEASHORE TO ASCERTAIN THE SIZE OF HIS ADORED ONE'S FEET; CAPE MAY.



## THUNDERJUG'S BABY.

Which, if it Was'nt His, Made  
Trouble all the Same.

## THE BALLET GIRL'S VENGEANCE.

How A Footlight Fairy Got  
Square With

## A WINDY SWELL.

(Subject of Illustration.)

There was a young lady attached to one of our up-town theatres last season who was famous in her special circle as a genius of no mean order. She is a young person of great vivacity and a daring independence of spirit which even Sarah Bernhardt or Victoria Woodhull can't discount. Backed by natural wit and hereditary cleverness as these qualities are, she is, in the Bohemian society in which she moves, a star of the first magnitude.

But there is no rose without its thorn. Miss Ruby's is her tongue and it is sharp enough to do justice to its name.

So sharp in fact that few who ever come in contact with her escape its poignant attentions, or, having once been the recipient of them, care to enjoy the horror again.

Among the hangers-on of the theatre—if so commonplace a term may be applied to such a superior personage—was a gentleman who was in some mysterious way connected with the management of the house. He had, it is said, advanced some money to his cousin, who was the active and responsible manager. All he ever did was to loaf around the stage during the performance, ogling the women and enjoying himself generally. He was what would be called a real gentleman, and he came from Boston. He always wore a dress suit and an opera hat which he carried in his hand like the shingle a country schoolboy has always ready to shy at the clam pedler or the soap fat man. His belly was round, his legs were so spindly that irreverent people said it was a wonder they didn't snap off, and he had a fat head without much hair on it; but atoned for by whiskers that would have filled a pillow case.

The species of pompous affability with which this exalted individual treated everybody around earned for him about the theatre the nickname invented for him by an intoxicated stage carpenter, and which seemed somehow to fit him exactly though it had no earthly significance.

"Old Thunderjug!"  
Among the ladies whom Old Thunderjug had honored with his attentions was Miss Ruby. That gem of a girl in fact had made a decided impression in that ward of the Thunderjug corporation where his heart or what answered for it was located. He chuckled her under the chin, pinched her cheek, dove his finger into her ribs and otherwise made himself very familiar.

Now, pleasing as it probably would have been to the gentleman from Boston to have been the recipient of such endearing terms as "Cull," "Rocky," "Old Stum," and the like in the privacy of a cozy supper-room, he objected to it in this public fashion, especially as the other ladies of the ballet were falling into the same slap on the back and how are you Pete fashion invented by Miss Ruby. So he went into caucus with the stage manager and then the latter called Miss Ruby to his desk.

"I have noticed with pain, Miss R.," he remarked, "the irreverent familiarity—"

"The whichty, George?" was the pert query.

"The loose and easy manner in which you address everybody by their christian names or some nickname."

"I'll call them by somebody else's, if you say so."

"It wouldn't be anything out of the way if you were the only one who did it, but every girl in the theatre's commencing the same racket and it must be stopped."

"What are you going to do then? Hire a deaf and dumb ballet?"

"No. We're going to forfeit everybody a dime who calls any gentleman about the theatre by his first name. Remember, now."

"All right, George, I won't forget."

And she didn't.

A couple of days later she overheard Old Thunderjug informing the prompter that he intended to bring his wife and mother-in-law to see what the stage of a theatre is like during a performance. On the afternoon of the eventful day she borrowed the warden's woman's baby and bided her time.

It came, as it always does, when one waits for—  
The Thunderjug party, which consisted in addition to its head of a high-toned lady in an elaborate toilette and a vinegary old female with an umbrella, made the rounds of the stage in due form. A young girl in the costume of the ballet was coddling a measly little baby in one of the wings and Mrs. Thunderjug remarked severely:

"I wonder such people are not ashamed to parade their infamy in public this way."

The sound of her voice seemed to arouse the object of her remark from her pleasing reverie. She looked up, uttered a cry, and bounced at Old Thunderjug, shoving the baby into his arms, and exclaiming:

"Oh! you heartless wretch!"

"Hello! hello!" gasped Thunderjug, "what all this?"

"It's Tommy, you perjured wretch! The nurse sent him back to-day and said you hadn't paid his board for three months. Ain't you ashamed of yourself, you curmudgeon? When I don't ask a penny except for him, and he the very image of you, too."

They say it was the tallest fight ever seen about that theatre.

For further particulars see the divorce case of Thunderjug vs. Thunderjug before Chawbacon, referee.

### A WIFE'S RUSE.

Calling Another's Child Her Own to Win  
Back Her Husband's Love—An Unexpected Meeting That Unmade a Supposed Father.

About eighteen months ago Nathaniel Grubb of Philadelphia, Pa., then a handsome youth of nineteen years, wooed a young woman named Maggie Mackral, his senior by a year and a half. Young Grubb was an only son of a devoted father and mother, whose chief thought appeared to be his happiness. They consented to his marriage, and also made preparations for him to bring his wife home. Nathaniel was a sturdy drover, and every morning would see him going gaily to his work on the banks of the Schuylkill. He was tall, with dark hair and smooth face, and as his firm feet trod the dusty road, with his breeches stuck in high-reaching boots, he looked the gallant yeoman that he was. His intended wife was a good-looking girl, with bright black eyes. Courtship did not last long. Grubb wooed and won, and Squire Clarke of Lancaster avenue, made the pair man and wife. For some months they lived in apparent happiness at the home of the parental Grubbs. They then concluded to go to housekeeping and accordingly procured a neat little frame house in Mantua, on Thirty-fourth street, near Elm.

After the honeymoon had passed away a little domestic bickering would sometimes occur, and to both it became evident that they were drifting away from each other. To his mother the young man often expressed the belief that if he were a father he could be happier. This talk did not fail to reach the ears of young Mrs. Grubb, and she, too, was more than once heard to comment upon what the pleasures of a mother must be.

One morning about four weeks ago she saw an advertisement in a newspaper saying that some one had a child for adoption. The idea occurred to her to take the baby and let her husband think it was her own. Upon the impulse she told Nathaniel that she believed that his wish would be gratified in a short time. A few days afterward she went to the address given in the advertisement, and found that the baby was a pretty blue-eyed girl. Its mother was a daughter of a wealthy Wilmington, Del. family, and its father a serving man. The young mother had come to the city to get some one to care for the babe. Mrs. Grubb seized the opportunity offered and hastened home with the little girl while her husband was at work. Upon his return Nathaniel Grubb was met half way by a neighbor with her finger on her lips.

He was told in a whisper that it was a girl and that Maggie "was doing as well as could be expected under the circumstances." Nathaniel was overjoyed at the news, and for a time matters went on apparently well. Mrs. Grubb grew convalescent from a sickness she had not suffered, and the unsuspecting husband paid her and the little one every attention. Clothing and a baby carriage were bought and the child was christened with due ceremony Maud May Grubb.

A short time since a circumstance occurred in this little drama of real life, which brought to a sudden stop the happiness of the young couple. Grubb came home and was told that his wife had gone to Fairmount Park with the baby. Thinking to walk home with her, he strolled toward the Park. Upon arriving at the entrance near Green street, he espied his little daughter in the arms of a strange woman, and the mother was nowhere to be seen. He accosted the woman and learned from her that his wife had offered to let her stay at their house—as she was without friends—until she could get something to do, and that Mrs. Grubb had asked her to "mind the baby" while she had a conversation with an acquaintance of hers. At this juncture the wife was seen approaching in company with a man whom Grubb did not know. He began asking questions, grew angry, and then followed a "scene." The result of the quarrel was that Mrs. Grubb refused to go back home with her husband, and so he went, taking the baby with him.

Upon his arrival the neighbors, who had learned the particulars, told him of the deception his wife had played upon him. He was furious with rage. At another interview with his wife he angrily demanded that the baby be returned to its mother, saying he would not keep it. The child was taken back to the southern part of the city, but its mother had returned to her home in Wilmington. Mrs. Grubb then gave Maud May to an aunt of hers, with the promise that she would try and find her a home. Grubb's wife, who admits the truth of the whole story, has been forgiven and taken back by her husband.

### A SNEAK.

Traveling Under False Colors for the  
Purpose of Robbery.

(With Portrait.)

A valuable capture was made in Washington, D. C., last week by Detective McDevitt. Alonzo Lane, alias H. J. Harris, an innocent-looking scamp, has been traveling from place to place, putting up at fashionable boarding houses, and robbing them. Lane represented himself as a Methodist preacher, and appeared a very pious young man. He made a haul at his last stopping place, and was about to leave for pastures new, when he was nabbed by McDevitt. He will be made to take a rest for a season, and land-ladies may rest easy.

## SARAH BERNHARDT.

The World-Renowned French Actress,  
Noted for Her Remarkable and  
Varied Intellectual Attainments and  
Eccentricities—A Tragedienne Who  
is a Sculptress, a Writer, a Poet,  
and an Aeronaut.

(With Portrait.)

Of all the actresses of Paris, Sarah Bernhardt is the one whose noisy as well as brilliant reputation seems to be the most solidly established. Tall, thin and straight, and exhibiting none of the plumpness of the woman, fair in complexion, with a mouth full of promise, sensual lips, a hooked nose, and eyes with wonderful expressiveness, Sarah Bernhardt is a charmer in the fullest sense of the word. She sheds around her an atmosphere of incomparable attraction. She not merely knows how to draw people within the circle of her fascinations, but to hold them there. Born of a Dutch mother and of Jewish origin, she combines with the semi-masculine energy of the North the Bohemian instincts and the vagabond humor of the Semitic race. Her voice is one of the gentlest and most caressing that it is possible to hear. A critic said of her: "She recites verses just as the nightingale sings. She is herself the muse of poetry."

Educated in a convent at Versailles, she entertained for a brief period the idea of becoming a nun. But after a little reflection she arrived at the conclusion that she was not calculated for a contemplative life.

"Then," she said to herself, "I will be an actress." And she began by giving to her name of Bernard, a rather common one, an original character by adding to it an "h" and a "t." From Bernard she subsequently became Bernhardt, after which she entered a conservatoire. She could never obtain a first prize there. The year of her first examination a first prize was given to Mlle. Lloyd, now a rather obscure pensionnaire of the same Comedie Francaise of which Sarah Bernhardt is, or was, one of the pillars.

Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt made her debut at the Theatre Francaise on the same evening as Mlle. Lloyd. She had no success there, while her rival was loudly applauded. Mlle. Bernhardt remained but a short time in the Rue Richelieu and accepted an engagement at the Gymnase.

She accepted an engagement at the Porte St. Martin, where she played and sang in fairy pieces of which nobody now preserves any recollection. Then, without any other transition, she went and proposed herself as a tragedienne at the Odeon. She was engaged.

The young tragedienne remained at the Odeon. It was there that she formed herself; it was there that she had her first success. Her thinness, even, which had proved displeasing to M. de Chilly, the manager, helped her wonderfully in the "Passant," where she played a travestied part so well as to be really taken for a boy. She has, therefore, never done anything to put flesh on her bones—quite the contrary. And since she made her first appearance at the Odeon she has never ceased to grow thinner, nor will she ever cease to do so until her spirit abandons its osseous envelope. As to the numberless pleasantries of which her extreme meagerness is daily the object, she is herself the first to laugh at them. She often even invents them and sends them to the newspapers.

"They began by saying that I was thin," she is in the habit of observing; "it was only after that that they said I had talent. If I had been fat they probably would never have made the discovery."

Far from seeking to conceal her thinness by the artifices of the toilet, which would deceive no one, she was the first French woman who wore the tight-fitting dresses, the charming style of which became so general.

Mlle. Bernhardt quitted the Odeon in pretty much the same manner as she had left the Gymnase, suddenly and without notice, to return to the Comedie Francaise, no longer as the young laureate of the Conservatoire, but as an artist upon whom the direction was justified in founding great hopes. These hopes she has realized; her success at the Francaise has been an affair of progressive stages, but it is now as complete as it is possible for it to be. Since Rachel, for whom her admirers, blinded by their enthusiasm, too often compare her, no female artist has ever occupied at that theatre a position to be compared to hers. There has consequently been formed around her a veritable court, composed of men, young and old, handsome and plain, but every one of them intellectual, for Sarah has an insurmountable horror of fools, and no consideration, no question of interest, can induce her to tolerate the homage or even the presence of an imbecile, no matter what may be his rank. Around her are to be found assembled people of almost every class and profession— financiers, writers, vaudevillists, artists, politicians. Even diplomacy is represented in this little coterie of friends, admirers and lovers. Mlle. Bernhardt inhabits one of the new quarters of Paris, the Avenue de Villiers, at a short distance from the Parc de Neuilly, a beautiful little hotel which she had built for her.

Her time for receptions is generally in the afternoon, and without interrupting her work of modeling, she herself opens the door of her studio to visitors. This studio is one of the handsomest in Paris. It is not merely the largest apartment of her house, but it may be called the hotel itself, for all the other rooms, boudoir, dining-room, petit salon, bed-rooms, merely radiate from it, and are in a measure sacrificed to it. There the mistress of the house accumulates Oriental stuffs, costly carpets, Chinese and Japanese curiosities, old bibelots and rare books. A superb palm tree is planted in a monumental vase. Over a vast chimney piece of carved oak is to be seen a portrait

of Mlle. Bernhardt, life size. On every side the attention of the visitor is attracted by marble statues and clay busts under glass shades. A wide staircase ascends to within a couple of metres of the ceiling. It leads to a small door, over which grimaces the antique tragic mask. The walls are covered with black damask, the bed is black, the furniture is all black.

In one corner, close to an enormous Psyche, draped with black velvet, stands a magnificent male skeleton. This skeleton, which leans towards the glass as if admiring itself in it, is not exactly calculated to inspire people with cheerful feelings, but on that point Mlle. Bernhardt has her own peculiar ideas. The sight of Lazarus—that is the name she gives to the skeleton—suggests to her no gloomy thoughts, for the idea of death has no terrors for her. Quite the contrary. A good deal has been said about a coffin lined with white satin, in which she occasionally passes the night. The coffin really exists, and not long ago Mlle. Bernhardt actually posed in it to a photographer as a corpse. The coffin was placed on trestles for the occasion, and surrounded by lighted tapers. Ranged around it stood the family—the little sisters and little cousins of the pseudo deceased photographed in an attitude of grief, as also a few friends who affected to be sobbing. It is certain that these strange fancies are not all due to a desire on the part of Mlle. Bernhardt to keep public curiosity on the stretch. Some of them are attributable to a serious infirmity of health. At times the energy of the artist is dominated by this cause. The fainting fits of Sarah Bernhardt have been legendary at the theatre. There is always an uncertainty as to her being able to play out a role. It happens to her but too frequently to faint in the middle of a performance.

Besides playing in Paris every season during the past few years, Mlle. Bernhardt has paid several visits to London—first with the company of the Comedie Francaise and the last time in May on her own account. Her secession from the Comedie Company did not seem to have affected her popularity in the English capital to any extent, and her success there on this last visit of hers gave her confidence in her faith that she is a greater attraction than the entire company put together. Her own explanation of her leaving is a philosophic one. "One has a right to all the money one earns by one's own talent," she says, "and I don't propose to share what I earn with a lot of people who don't care for me." The Comedie Francaise she thinks is a good institution; it gives mediocre actors and actresses comfortable berths during their periods of usefulness and a pension after they get old, but she doesn't propose to become an old and poor actress; and, therefore, when the company refused her leave of absence that she might employ a few years of her life in making a little fortune for herself she felt justified in separating from it. As it is, she says she has given some of the best years of her life to the service of this close corporation, with nothing better to show for it than a mass of debts.

Her great master-piece at present is Adrienne Lecouvreur, the heroine of Scribe's play of that name. This role was made famous by Rachel, who appeared in it when it was first put on the boards at Paris.

A more complete history of this wonderful woman, with a portrait of her in one of her greatest characters, will be found in a book recently published under the title of "Footlight Favorites." In addition to a sketch of her life, this work contains the portraits of 25 leading actresses who are famed in the world of art. A biographical sketch of each of their lives accompanies their portraits. This book can be obtained from any newsdealer in the United States, or direct from the office of publication.

### THE DIVORCE MILL.

Keeps Grinding in Ohio, Crushing Disordered Homes—A Sensational Suit for Sensational Reasons.

The petition has just been filed in the suit of Mrs. Catherine Weber, at Marysville, O., praying to be separated from her husband and for reasonable alimony.

The defendant, C. W. Weber, is a saloonist, and one of the best-known citizens, and the owner of several business blocks, besides large bank deposits. The alleged facts, as gleaned from the attorneys in the case, are somewhat sensational in their character, and show that Weber has been in the habit of shooting promiscuously about the house, pointing loaded revolvers at his wife, tossing his children about with the remark that they were not his, and on her returning from the church of which she is a member, asking if she had again been to that house of ill-fame.

The petition goes on to state that the said plaintiff, Catherine Weber, complains of the said Christian W. Weber, defendant, that on or about the 28th day of March, 1880, she was lawfully married to said defendant at said county of Union; that said marriage relation still exists, and there has been born to the plaintiff and defendant as the result of such marriage relation three children now living. The plaintiff further says that she has always conducted herself toward the said defendant as a faithful and obedient wife, yet the defendant, regardless of his married duties, has been guilty of gross neglect of duty and extreme cruelty of and to the plaintiff, and has also been guilty of habitual drunkenness for more than three years last passed. That the defendant, by reason of his habits of intemperance is an unfit and unsafe person to have charge or control of the said children. The plaintiff prays the court that she may be severed from the said defendant, and the care, custody, nurture and control of said children may be granted her, and that her separate estate be protected and adjudged to her; also that she may have reasonable alimony decreed to her, and that the same may be made a charge on the property described in the petition, amounting in all to abc at \$25,000.



## ALPHONSO'S BABY

To be—How the Future Ruler of Spain will Make His, or Her, Entree into this troublesome World.

### THE ACME OF RED-TAPISM.

An Heir to a Kingdom Built upon Jealousies, Strife and Immorality.

### "UNEASY LIES THE HEAD," ETC.

The Queen of Spain is going to have a baby. The cable has records of the agitation in Madrid and the aspect of the court. Never was the birth of an heir to the throne awaited with greater anxiety. The Liberals, confident of the progress of democracy, await the event with smiles; but bitter quarrels are fomenting among the partisans of the sister of the King and the enemies of her friend, Premier Canovas. And yet in the monarchical ranks you can hear only shouts of joy. The courtiers cannot see what is at their feet. They believe that the birth of the child of the King will permanently establish the Spanish monarchy.

The Spaniards will be charmed by the majestic pomp that will attend the birth of the child. The Spanish women, who regard every son of their King as in a measure their own child, will openly express their delight. For the sake of the royal baby, they will pardon the Queen's Austrian birth. But the singular disdain which all the democratic journals have shown for the absurdities of court etiquette on this occasion shows the little importance that they attach to the birth of a son of Alphonso.

No efforts have been spared to give to this event a solemn aspect. All the old etiquette is to be revived. The mother is forbidden to nurse her first baby. They have compelled this woman, when taken with the first pains of childbirth, to consent to receive strangers in her presence. Three habitations, furnished modestly to please the poor people, are set apart for the expected heir, and all the ceremonies that gave such eclat to the birth of Alphonso will be re-enacted for his son. One rite, neglected then, will be performed to-day. The name of the child will be written in the Civil Register. Kings, therefore, are the sons of citizens, the same as other people. They are no longer the sons of God. The King will acknowledge this by the registry. It is a fair sign of the progress of the times. It shows the inevitable subordination in Spain, as elsewhere, of royal authority to the authority of the people. The essential ideas of revolutions are recognized in this concession. Such reactions are hours of repose for the growing strength of democratic ideas.

Not a single movement of the Queen mother will escape the notice of the envious public. With the first pains of her approaching maternity, Premier Canovas and his Minister of Justice, dressed in court uniform, will walk into the apartments of Queen Christine. The doctor will certify that she is about to become a mother, and the Ministers will announce the news to the great crowd of guests invited by the King's decree of the 6th of August.

A brilliant assembly will fill the superb salons of the palace. Numbers of ladies, with long-trained dresses, will majestically move up the grand staircase, one of the handsomest and largest in the world. Glance at the salons, and you will see an historical procession. The old, however, must take warmth from the new. The different military orders will stand at the side of committees of Congress and of the Senate. Near them will stand the deputies of Asturias, privileged province from the time when King Pelayo and his bear killing sons made it the rampart of Spanish liberty. All will appear in uniforms embellished in gold and silver. Plumed hats and silk stockings are to be worn. The cavaliers of Santiago, wrapped in long cloaks, will march at the side of the chevaliers of the orders of the good King Charles III. and of that strong woman called Isabella the Catholic. Christian Rome, which has played so important a part in the history of Spain, will be represented by the Archbishop of Toledo, by the Patriarch of the Indies, and by a committee from the Tribunal de las Rota, a unique tribunal created specially for Spain, an offshoot from the Papacy rooted in the heart of the faithful nation.

The nobility are to be represented by a committee dressed in sumptuous and picturesque costumes, and the army by the Minister and Captain-General of Castile, of which Madrid is the capital. The people will also be represented by a committee from the Ayuntamiento, a corporation elected by them. Representatives of great nations are also to contribute to the pompous display, made exclusively in the interests of the dying Bourbon dynasty. All the diplomatic corps have been invited.

When the child is born the venerable Marchioness de la Santa Cruz, who performs the functions of chief lady of the bedchamber, will announce to Senor Canovas the happy event, the sex of the child and the condition of its august mother. Then Senor Canovas, in his sharp and telling voice, will give the news to the invited guests. The times are tempestuous. Monarchy seems to be on its last legs. This birth in a salon so crowded, so gay, so excited, so full of all sorts of passions, will actually be saluted as the birth

of an established monarchy. Alphonso will appear bearing his newly born son or daughter on a salver. Senor Canovas will raise the tray aloft and exhibit the child to the diplomatic corps and all the assembled guests. The Minister of Justice will act as notary and register the birth. Then the roar of artillery will announce to all Madrid that the child has seen the light of the beautiful land of Spain. If a boy, twenty-five guns will be fired; if a girl, only fifteen. A white flag will also be raised if it is a girl, and if it is a boy the red and yellow flag of the nation will be hoisted. The baptismal ceremonies are to be new and gorgeous. It is intended to welcome this child as a redeemer, who comes, according to the monarchists, to save his father. Like Jesus, he will be baptized with the water of the Jordan. The Marquesa de Villa y Mantilla has sent to the King water from the holy river in a magnificent vessel of Bohemian crystal adorned with silver ornaments. The King received it with extreme pleasure.

Royalty and religion travel through life together, and religion, grateful for the good services of King Alphonso, has consented to emerge from its home to meet the child that comes to it so apropos. The nuns at the Meson de Paredes have sent to the palace the font in which Santo Domingo de Guzman, a saint, born in Madrid, and profoundly revered, was baptized. From this font the son of the King will receive his baptism.

But what a great ado is made over this little unborn innocent! The ambitions of the court are pursuing the child before its birth. The powerful hand of the King's sister has made itself felt in all his decisions and decrees in reference to the birth of his child. From the old times of the weak King, Don Juan II., the first son of the Kings of Spain was proclaimed and acknowledged as the inheritor of the crown. They call him Prince d'Asturias. His patrimony was the province of Asturias and the splendid lands of Jean Ubeda, Baeza, and Andijar. Three daughters of Spanish Kings have been proclaimed Princesses—the daughter-by-law of Don Enrique IV., the famous Juana la Beltraneja; Queen Isabella, mother of the present King, Maria Francisca Isabella, the sister of the King. As the son of Alphonso must naturally be the Prince d'Asturias, his birth will rob the King's sister of her title of Princess, a dignity that makes her the superior of all her sisters. She cannot avoid this terrible blow to her pride if the child is a boy; but she has tried to escape it, and to remain Princess, or at least prevent anybody else from gaining the title, provided the child should prove to be a girl. Senor Canovas is the servile fanatic of royalty in Spain, and the despotic master of the monarch. He is a thorough believer in the importance of the actual Princess, who has the same hatred of the people and the same supercilious airs as himself. He is sincere in his belief that the energy and intelligence of the Princesses are necessary for the prestige of the monarchy in Spain, and he has desired to spare her by compelling the King to sign a decree confirming her title, even if he should be the father of a daughter. Even if the daughter is made Princess d'Asturias she might lose the title, for the King is still young and may yet have a son. A son's birth would rob the daughter of the dignity. It remains to be seen whether Queen Christine, who does not love her sister-in-law, will consent to allow her to carry off a dignity claimed by the Liberal party for her child. This same Canovas, who holds that in 1880 that the daughters of Kings ought not to be Princesses of Asturias, forced the honor upon the sister of the King in 1875. In 1875 he wished to honor and elevate her, and to-day he tries to confirm her dignity and power.

The reactionary nobles, the most powerful soldiers, and all those who form the Liberal opposition in the monarchy, hate and fear the sister of the Queen, and have united in a protest against the proposed robbery of the daughter of a monarch of a rightful title. They act thus with the object of shaking the indisputable power of the Princess, and of flattering the Queen by fanning the antipathies that are supposed to exist between the two women, thereby gaining for themselves a foothold in the court.

If the child is a son, the cross of Victoria, in memory of the oak cross which was the only banner of Pelayo when from the Asturian Mountains he began his struggles with the Moors, will be presented to the inheritor of the crown, together with the insignia of Golden Fleece, and the crosses of Isabella the Catholic, Charles III., and San Juan de Jerusalem, which will secure for him the dignity of Prince d'Asturias.

### A FAIR CAPTIVE'S ESCAPE.

#### A Sleepy Official's Gallant Prisoner—Kissed in his Sleep.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Last week, at Cedar City, Ill., Deputy Constable Bill Siefker arrested a young woman for being engaged in some kind of difficulty, and started with her to Fulton. At New Bloomfield the officer was asleep, and the festive young lady affectionately kissed him good-bye and politely took to the woods. At Guthrie the officer missed his prisoner. He got off the train, hired a horse and started in hot pursuit, but up to the present has not captured the fair one.

### TWO BLARSTED BRITONS

#### On a "Burst"—A Costly Spree.

[Subject of Illustration.]

At a late hour at night two soldiers of the Ninety-seventh Regiment deliberately broke nineteen plate glass windows in stores and offices in Hollis street, opposite the Halifax Club, Halifax. Their belts with the buckle attached were the weapons. The damage done will exceed \$1,000. They made no attempt to escape, and the supposition is that they wish to go to prison rather than continue in the service. They were arrested by the civil and military police.

### A CURIOUS FIGHT.

#### An Old Man and His Family Engage in a Terrible Affair—A Case That Puzzles the Lawyers—The Power of Imagination.

[Subject of Illustration.]

An old farmer, named John Rolly, living near Little Rock, Ark., recently reached his sixtieth birthday, and concluded to celebrate the event by a family reunion. On this memorable occasion seventeen of his progeny and his wife gathered around him. There were five boys; the rest were females. Two of the latter were old maids. They all collected under a tree in the yard. The veracious chronicler of social events in the Little Rock Gazette thus describes what followed:

"Boys," said the old man, "I have been poor all my life. When I began life I didn't have nothin' but a mule. Now I have a farm of ten acres."

"Yes, and if you'd give me the mule you might take the farm," said Leviticus, who had, that day, unfortunately, gouged one of his toes with a manure fork.

"Hush, Levi; your gray-bearded father is talkin'," said the old man. "I didn't call you all here to find fault, but to engage in a sort of pleasant—what shall I call it, Ike?" appealing to one of the sons who had sold a "stray" hog and paid for a few months' schooling.

"Let me look in my book," replied Ike. After consulting the proper authority, he answered:

"I reckon it must be 'reverie.'"

"Reverie is the word," resumed the old man. It ain't quite big enough, but it'll do as a sort of makeshift. Your father hasn't done much for you, boys; but to show that there ain't nothin' small about me, we'll just suppose the case. Now, if I owned that big bottom held over yonder, and the big house at the mouth of the bayou, it would be fun for me to die and leave it all to you. We'll just suppose that Sarah dies when I do—Sarah was the old man's wife, and with characteristic worldliness she started up and exclaimed:

"No, sir! I'll be switched if I want to die jest as you git well off. I've worked too hard to die at the time when all the boys can wear store clothes an' chaw grocery terbacker."

"Well, then," said the old man, "you can live on. But you told me once that you didn't want to live after I died."

"Yes, I know; but that was when I had dyspepsy an' couldn't drink butter milk an' eat billed cabbage. I'd like to see a Arkansas woman dyin' when she's got a good stomach."

"I'll make arrangements for you, Sarah. I'd marry all the girls off to good-lookin', peart fellows. (Here the girls chuckled and the eyes of the two old maids brightened.) I'd sell the big house and get money enough to carry out my intentions. I'd cut the bottom field into five plantations, which would make about two hundred acres each. I'd give the end farm to you, Levi. Ike, I'd give you the one next to the river."

"Bully for you, pap," said Ike; "it's the best one."

"Then she belongs to me," exclaimed Levi. "I am the oldest and ought to have it. I've done more work than any of you, and I'll be dinged if I'm going to be cheated. The end farm's got washes on it."

"I'll see whether you have it or not," said Ike. "Pap's given it to me, and blamed if you don't have to go to law or fight."

"Just because you stole a hog and went to school you can't run over me," exclaimed Levi, springing from his seat. "I'm goin' to have that farm."

"You're an uneducated liar!" vociferated Ike.

The two men sprang toward each other and grappled. Levi caught Ike under the jaw and downed him. The old man grabbed Levi by the heels and dragged him across the yard. After the generous father had restored quietness by threatening to leave the young man penniless, until they behaved themselves, he proceeded with the division:

"Jake, I'd give you the upper farm."

"Thankee, pap," said Jake.

"Tom, I'd leave you the last farm, and Rufus, I'd give you the center one. Your mother can live with you. Now, as to the farm in litigation, I'd—" here the old man stopped and studied. The happy family, happy with the exception of Ike and Levi, smiled. The old lady had brought out butter-milk in a gourd and sat drinking with unspeakable contentment. The old maids were consulting each other in regard to their bridal dresses.

"It's a pretty hard matter to die, after workin' so hard, and leave you all so happy," said the old man. "Don't believe I'll die. No, I'll live. I'll take the river farm and cut the lower farm in two an' give it to Levi and Ike."

"I'll be John Brown if you do," said Levi. "You have got to die—I'm a'goin' to have that farm."

"She's mine," yelled Ike with rage.

The old man jumped up, seized his chair and swore that his own children shouldn't rob him. The two brothers each swore that the farm was his, then all three began an every-man-for-himself fight. The old man knocked Levi down with a chair and closed in on Ike. The other children took sides, and the fight began in general. The old woman struck one of the old maids with the butter-milk gourd and ruined her wedding dress. The old man fought desperately. He knocked them right and left. "Fightin' for my rights," he cried as he tore the cottonade dress from one of the girls. "Fightin' for my rights," and he knocked the old woman into a tub of soap grease. The three family dogs ran and tore the seat from the old man's pants. The din of the battle was deafening, and the result would have been disastrous but for the arrival of a deputy sheriff and five men. The entire family was arrested, and now it is a very difficult matter to make a lawyer understand the origin of the quarrel.

### Arthur Gore.

[With Portrait.]

Arthur Gore, of Detroit, Mich., whose picture this

week appears in the GAZETTE's sporting gallery, is one of the most popular politicians and sporting men of the West. During the past twenty years he has been a resident of Detroit, and has figured prominently in the sporting and political world.

He has held the position of Harbor Master, of Detroit beside other important political positions. During the past ten years Mr. Gore has been interested in all the regattas and other great sporting events at Detroit.

At the time Jimmy Elliott and Charley Gallagher fought at Peach Island Arthur Gore was one of Elliott's chief backers. Mr. Gore attended the great battle between Edwards and Chambers at Squirrel Island, near Detroit, and since he has witnessed all the great sporting events that have taken place.

He is now the owner of a beautiful hotel on the Lake Shore Road, seven miles from Detroit. It is one of the most popular resorts of the turfmen and sporting men of Detroit. Gore's Hotel is elegantly fitted up and the grounds that surround it are beautifully laid out. His hotel is one of the principal resorts of all sporting men when they go to Detroit, and popularity and benevolence is attributed to the success of this noted resort. Sporting men journeying to Detroit should not fail to see Arthur Gore, who is the king of Detroit sporting circles.

### DUPED BY AN ADVENTURER.

#### A Spiritualistic Game That Proved too Realistic by Half—How a Woman Made a Raise.

A special from Lawrence, Mass., gives particulars of an alleged confidence operation, in which a very wealthy English woman was duped into placing many thousand dollars worth of personal property in the hands of Lawrence Spiritualists while visiting in England recently. The alleged confidence operators are Mr. and Mrs. J. William Fletcher, who left two years ago for England, returning a few weeks since, bringing with them their dupe, a Miss Juliet Hart Davies, who is also a spiritualist. Miss Davies is in Lawrence, searching for over \$1,000 worth of wearing apparel and lace, besides \$6,000 or \$7,000 worth of diamonds and jewelry, which she says the Fletchers got from her in the following manner:

Mrs. Fletcher went into a trance, and commenced with the spirit of her (the Davies woman's) mother; said spirit imploring her daughter to place herself in their hands and give up to them her property, which she probably did to a very large extent. Many thousand dollars' worth of dresses, jewelry, and diamonds were turned over, and a large amount was shipped to this country. Finally, they all came here, as above stated. While at a spiritual camp-meeting the duped woman's eyes were opened, and she has since endeavored to regain her property, and has secured \$2,000 worth; but she estimates that the Fletchers still have secreted from her the property mentioned above.

It is evident that the woman is possessed of great wealth, as she had on her person to-day no less than \$10,000 worth of jewelry.

A detective secured a search-warrant, and the rooms of the Fletchers were searched, but no part of the missing property was found. Miss Davies says the Fletchers cut a great dash at the camp-meeting with their borrowed plumage. Fletcher has had one of her elegant silk robes cut up and made into a coat, which he is now wearing. He also had one of her diamond brooches demolished, and now wears the sparkling gems in a bosom pin and finger ring.

### HORRIBLE DEBAUCHERY.

#### A Guardian Who Should Stretch Hemp—A Deplorable Case.

Newark, Ohio, has another social sensation—this time of an infamous nature—which just came to light, and is calculated to arouse the just indignation of the many who are interested in the parties, but will likely culminate in criminal prosecution.

Twelve years ago Ella E. Winters, of this place, then a child of four years, by the death of both parents was left an orphan, and about the same time her cousin, Zachariah Hillbrant, aged thirty-five, ostensibly out of sympathy and friendship for the little girl, took her to his home (he has a wife and children), where she has lived ever since, until a few days ago, when he discovered that the girl, now sixteen years old, was *en route*, and tried to spirit her away on some shallow pretext in order to evade the curses of her relation, and conceal the evidence of inhumanity. But the child's brother has a suspicion that all was not just square in this method of proceeding, and putting her under the protection of a friend of his, drew from her the story of her ruin, from which it appears that Hillbrant is the father of her unborn child; that the wretch endeavored years ago to debauch her, but she many times repelled him, but because of his much importunity in the shape of entreaties and blandishments, she yielded to his purpose.

All this happened while she was a member of his household, and as an orphan girl under his protection. The girl, who is small and of childish appearance, has since selected a guardian, had Hillbrant arrested on a warrant sworn to before Squire Rogers, when the man succeeded in making some sort of compromise by furnishing her support. But her friends repudiate such a settlement of the affair, and are now taking steps to prosecute the wretch to the full extent of the law.

The very thought of a man in the relation of protector and father of an orphan girl committing such an offense as this, if the report be true, will make it go hard with him for so criminally failing to protect or honor her.

A sad accident occurred on the 28th ult., at a pole raising, to a Garfield and Arthur celebration, at East Claridon, O. A heavy chane broke, instantly killing Wm. H. Hathaway, a well-known citizen of that place.

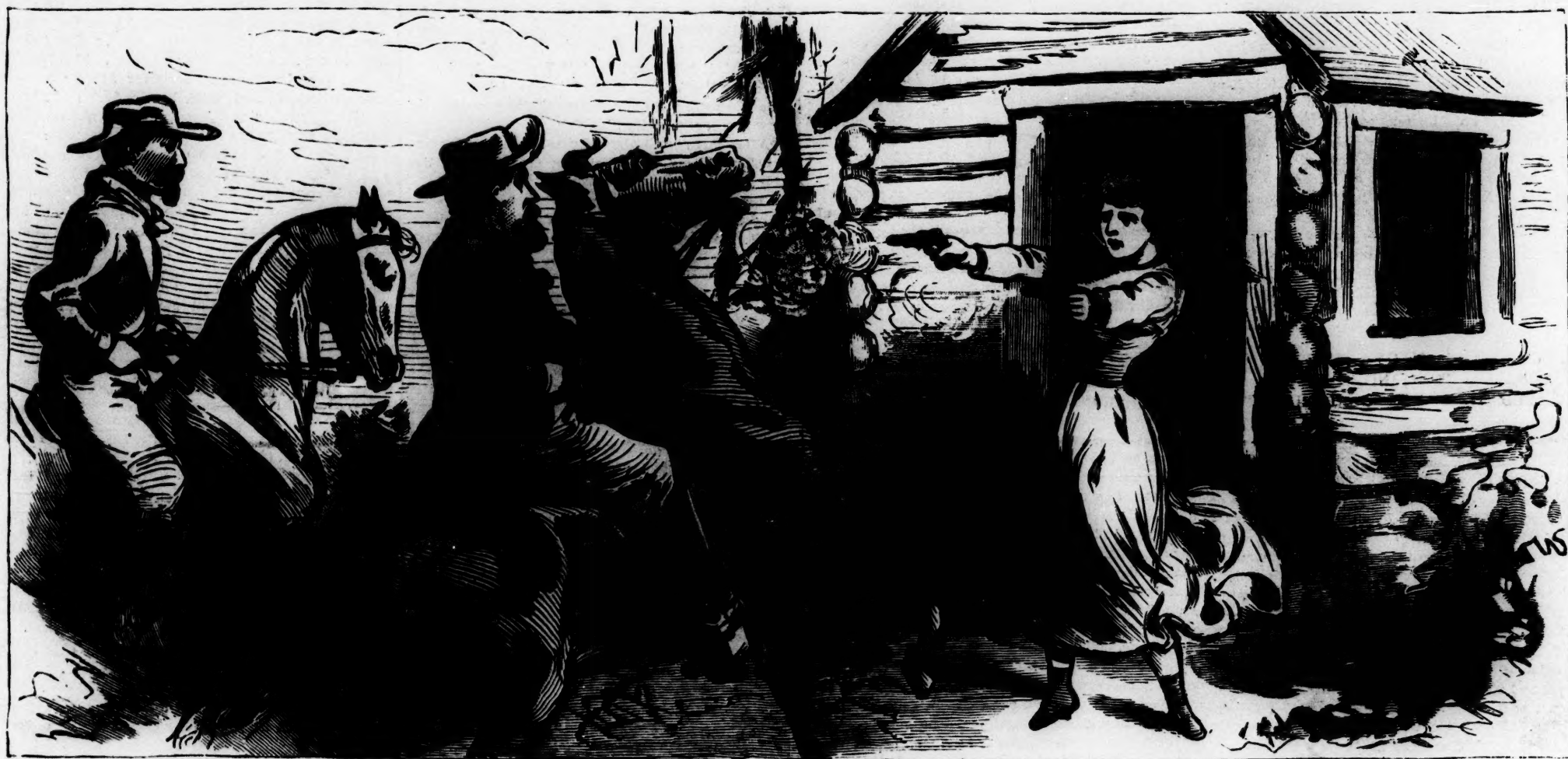




A COUPLE OF ENGLISH SOLDIERS, WHILE ON A SPREE, SMASH A THOUSAND DOLLARS' WORTH OF PLATE GLASS; HALIFAX, N. S.—SEE PAGE 7.



BEAUTY UNADORNED—THE WIFE OF A SALOON-KEEPER MAKES A NUDE EXHIBITION OF HERSELF IN THE WINDOW, AND IS ARRESTED; NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 10.



A PARTY OF U. S. DETECTIVES, WHILE TRYING TO CAPTURE A GANG OF COUNTERFEITERS, ARE KEPT AT BAY BY A YOUNG WOMAN, WHO WAS A MEMBER OF THE BAND; BENTON COUNTY, ARK.—SEE PAGE 13.

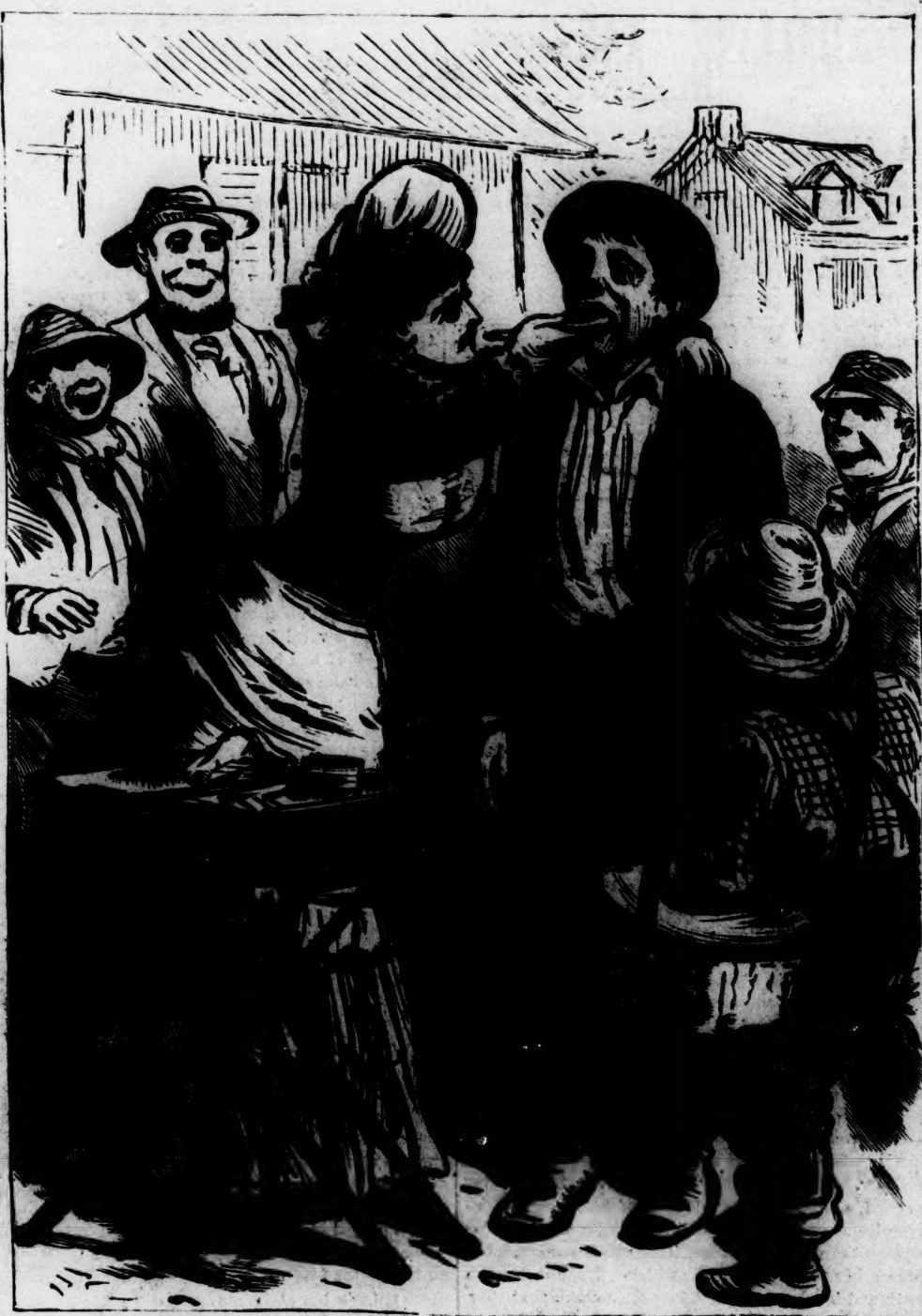


A WALTZ TO DEATH—A COUPLE OF YOUNG LADIES WHILE WHIRLING IN THE WALTZ ON A CANAL-BOAT, TUMBLE OFF AND ARE DROWNED; NEAR FULTON, N. Y.—SEE PAGE 12.



A HUSBAND WITH A RUM-DRINKING WIFE, CHAINS HER TO THE BEDPOST ON LEAVING FOR HIS WORK SO AS TO FIND HER SOBER ON HIS RETURN.—SEE PAGE 10.





"I DECLAR, SEMANTHY, THAT LOOKS AS NAT'RAL AS LIFE. I'D LIKE TO PINCH IT TO FIND OUT."—A RURAL COUPLE STUDY ART AS DISPLAYED IN FANCY GOODS STORE WINDOWS; NEW YORK CITY.—See Page 8.

A FAKERESS WHO IS BOUND TO TAKE CARE OF NO. 1—TEETH-CLEANING OPERATIONS THAT MAKES PLENTY OF BUSINESS, AND SCORES OF CANDIDATES WILLING TO BE HUGGED; FONDA, N. Y.—See Page 10.



A DASHING MEMBER OF THE DEMI-MONDE RETURNS FROM HER SUMMER TOUR IN EUROPE, AND FILLS THE BREASTS OF HER FELLOW HOUSE-MATES WITH ENVY BY EXHIBITING FANCY HOSE AT ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS PER PAIR; NEW YORK CITY.—See Page 3.



## HELLISH EARL.

A Monster Whom it Would be an  
Insult to Humanity to  
Call a Man.

### A LONG RECORD OF INFAMY.

Living on the Lives of Inno-  
cent Babes and Heartless  
Erring Mothers.

### HIS LAST HORRIBLE CRIME.

[With Portraits.]

The civilization of to-day is opposed to babies, and its basest product is the abortionist. He is the human hyena, and the living, quivering flesh of foolish or unfortunate womanhood is the grave from which he tears his prey. He lives upon the crushed and mangled bodies of tender, breathless infants, and the shrieks and agonized groans of his tortured victims are music in his ears. He occupies the lowest position in the social scale, and the lowest, most hardened, and most brutal of his kind would seem to be "Dr." Charles Earl, of whose existence Chicago has had cause to be ashamed for the last fifteen years or more, during which time he has been constantly plying his horrible butcheries. More or less clearly detected in his hellish work again and again, the law's delay, and that justice which is altogether too blind for the good of the community, has allowed him to escape, except in a single instance, when the poor punishment for all his crimes of one year in the penitentiary was inflicted, and at the end of his service he was turned loose to renew his battle against posterity. It was, of course, only a matter of time when he would again fall under the eye of the law. That time has now come, and the hoary-bearded, saintly-looking old son of Satan once more occupies a cell in the county jail, sent there for causing the death of a beautiful young woman, who, though her sins were as red as blood, did not deserve death at his gory hands. The police claim that they have him "dead to rights," as, indeed, they seem to have, and promise that no pains will be spared to secure a sentence in a measure commensurate with the magnitude of the repeated crimes against humanity of which he has been guilty. The penalty for producing an abortion is from one to ten years in the penitentiary, and, in case death results it may be treated and punished as murder. If it can be proved that he murdered this poor girl, not yet out of her teens, and the capital penalty shall be visited upon him, the loss of her young life will not have been in vain.

The discovery of the great crime was due purely to accident, for there is reason to believe that he had perfected arrangements to hide it from successful search. A policeman lives in the same building—that at Nos. 205 and 207 West Madison street—in which Earl has his butcher-shop. Add to this that he was on night patrol duty in that neighborhood; that it rained during the night, making the street sloppy, and inducing him to go to his room and exchange his shoes for a pair of boots, and that when he came down he met a brother officer at the door and stopped to exchange a few words with him, and it will be seen at once what a chain of fortuitous circumstances led up to the discovery.

While the two officers were standing upon the sidewalk in front of the house, a shuffling sort of noise was heard up stairs, and the officer who lived there went up to see what it was all about; saw Dr. Earl hastily retreat into his room, and discovered the body of a woman lying in the hallway in front of another physician's door. The arrest of Earl and his son, who was found in his office, their incarceration at the West Madison street station, the notification of Coroner Mann, his appearance on the scene, and the dead woman's removal to Earl's office followed in rapid succession.

An incident, which may or may not have something to do with the case, occurred about the same time as the discovery of the body. A gentleman who does not wish to have his name mentioned in connection with it, was passing along West Madison street at the hour named. When about opposite "Dr." Earl's office, on the other side of the street, he noticed a couple of rough-looking customers standing in the shadow of a doorway, just in front of him, in earnest conversation. As he came nearer he heard one of them say "hush!" and they quit talking till he passed. When he had gone a little further he noticed an express wagon drove up, turned around, and stopped, as he believes, in front of the building in which "Dr." Earl's office is. When it stopped one of the men across the street came out and said something to the man on the express wagon, who at once drove rapidly away without, apparently, waiting for the accomplishment of the errand on which he had come. In view of subsequent developments, he is of the opinion that possibly this wagon was there for the purpose of conveying the body away; that it came while the officers were up stairs, having just discovered the body, and the man across the way gave the driver the "office." The closeness of time between the arrival of the wagon and the placing of the body in the hall would seem to indicate as much. Moreover, the woman had been dead ten hours, and it is scarcely probable that such an old offender as Earl would allow such a lapse of time without hitting upon some scheme to get rid of the evidence.

There is another suspicious circumstance in this connection. In his testimony before the coroner's jury, Earl entered into an elaborate explanation of how his lamp blew out as he was removing the body, and how he relighted it. This had no connection with the case, unless it was for the purpose of accounting in advance for what might have been a signal to the expressman.

When brought before the coroner's jury Earl made the following horrible confession:

"I have no regular license for practicing medicine and never had one. I am not a graduate, but attended lectures at Linn University, now known as Chicago Medical College. I saw the dead body found this morning in the hall of the building where I reside. I placed the body there myself. I saw the person four or five times during my acquaintance with her, which began four or five weeks ago. She thought herself at that time pregnant, and I examined her and told her I thought she was. I did not do anything to her at the time, although she urged me to produce an abortion upon her. I declined to do so. Several days afterward she came to me and repeated the request. I then made a demonstration, not using instruments, and without interfering with the womb in any way, to give her the impression that I had performed an abortion upon her. She then went away, and several days after, she came back again and said no effect had been produced from the operation. I repeated the same demonstration in four or five instances, at intervals of four or five, or perhaps eight or ten days. I never at any time used instruments whatever upon her. My impression is that I did insert one sponge-tent back to the neck of the womb and against the back part of the vagina. That was at the next to the last visit she paid me, some four or five days previous to the 25th. She had hemorrhage as far as I know. There was a little discharge of leucorrhoea. I did not think she had any fever. She never paid me one cent. She claimed to be a poor girl without any means of support, except such as she obtained by helping some women at sewing. She never gave me any jewelry or valuables. I treated her out of charity. She called on me between 3 and 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and asked me to inject the womb. I put about four ounces of water in the wash-bowl, and, with a No. 3 plain, black-rubber syringe, injected the water into the vagina. She immediately after complained of a pain in her heart; and of feeling faint. She was standing, and I laid her on the bed and administered some carbonate of ammonia. She swallowed at first, but toward the last it ran out of her mouth. Death followed in about five minutes after I ceased giving her medicine. I should judge it was a little after 4 o'clock when she died. It about an hour after I used the injection. She complained of no pain in her abdomen, and did not even put her hand on her abdomen. I did not know what to do after she died. It threw me into a state of excitement so that I scarcely knew what to do. I first thought to report the case to the station, but it went on until late at night, when, under a high state of excitement, I took the body up and carried it into the hall laying it down in almost the center of the large main hall, almost directly under the gaslight. In carrying out the body from my room I, of course, opened the doors wide; the north window was open, and, as the doors were open, there was a draft through the hall. After depositing the body as described, I returned to my office and noticed that the little lamp that is usually turned down low at night was blown out. That lamp is stationary and is in the hall outside my door. I struck a match and lit it, and then stepped inside my door, closed it and locked it, undressed myself and went to bed. I had been there but a short time when the police officer came to the door and I opened it as soon as possible and came to the station with the officer. My son left the reception-room to retire about 9:30 o'clock and I did not see him after that till the officer came. She came there alone, about five or six weeks ago. A lady called with her one time after that; perhaps she called twice—I am not sure. Deceased was not undressed at any time last night in my office. I had a two-ounce vial oval on three sides and flat on the back, containing chloroform, in my office. I did not notice any bottle in the hand of deceased until I deposited the body in the hall, when I saw a bottle in her right hand. I did place the bottle there. I inserted the sponge-tent, as I have described, simply to satisfy deceased. She never told me that any one else had performed any operation upon her. [Shown a lady's gold watch.] Deceased left this watch at my office two or three weeks ago, as she supposed, to secure me for my pay for services. She brought it to me voluntarily and requested me to keep it for her until I was through treating her. I did not know she had such a piece of jewelry until she brought it to me. She urged me to take possession of it and keep it for her until such time as she would be able to get it repaired. I had no one in my room to assist me in taking care of the deceased. No colored woman was in my room that I know of. Emma L. Scott, a colored woman, has a room in the building where my office is. She comes into my office frequently."

The story of Earl's career of crime, if it could all be told, would be a long one. There is no hope, however, that it will be told till the day of the great assize, when the spirits of all the women and babies he has wronged will rise up in testimony against him. He is most thoroughly hardened, and it is not to be expected that he will ever make a confession, if, indeed, he can remember half the deaths it is alleged that he has caused. The strongest thing about it all is the fact that his calling has left no impression on his countenance. He is a man of sixty or seventy years, of fine proportions, and bears himself erectly and proudly. His hair and long white beard, which is shaven only upon the straight upper lip, frame a face of great regularity and wonderful repose. In all of the ordeals through which he has just been compelled to pass, there has not been a quiver of a muscle or a quaver of his full, musical voice. He was less moved than those around him, who were mere spectators, and wore at all times an imperious, commanding mien as one master of the situation. His practice as an abortionist has covered the entire period since the

close of the rebellion. His first place was on Kinzie street. In the winter of 1873 he came near being sent down for a crime similar to this one. In June, 1874, he was arrested for the murder of Rosetta Jackson, a girl of eighteen, who came from Mauston, Wis., to be treated by him, and who, after her death at the house of Mrs. Kate Holland, of 186 South Jefferson street, was packed up and shipped to Mauston. The crime was discovered, and after a trial lasting several days, he was convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to one year in the penitentiary, a sentence which he served out.

On Nov. 18, 1876, he was again indicted, got straw bail, which he forfeited, and the case was finally stricken from the docket.

On Aug. 22, 1877, he was arrested for committing an abortion on Mary Morgan, a girl of seventeen years, living at 143 West Adams street. The girl recovered, and the scoundrel escaped unwhipped of justice.

How many other cases of like nature he has been guilty of which have entirely escaped detection, it is impossible to guess. The class of people for whom he works precludes the notion of large fees, yet he has lived by his nefarious practice for fifteen years. If his charges averaged \$25 each he could not have got along on less than an average of one a week. At that rate his victims would number 780.

The murder of Nettie Carl has created an interest deeper than anything of a criminal nature that has happened in Chicago for some time. The girl's age, beauty and the surrounding circumstances recall to the minds of everybody the sad fate of poor Mamie Stevens. In both cases the girls had gone wrong through the fault of their mothers. In the case of Mamie Stevens it was demonstrated that the class of young men known as "matinee mashers" were to a great extent responsible for her death. In the case of Nettie Carl the mashers will perhaps be called upon to take an equally prominent part. Several sprigs of respectable families, it transpires, have been paying her attention, and one is strongly suspected, but his name is held back for the present, and is charged with her seduction. He is a dashing young fellow in West Side society. The police of late have been informed, by numerous letters, that many of the so-called leading physicians of the city derive the greater part of their revenue from the illegitimate practice such as Earl has been following. It is probable that the death of Miss Faulkner at the hands of Dr. Cream, last week, and the tragic end of Miss Carl, will cause a thorough investigation to be made, which may result in a general expose of the medical infant murderers.

### ASSAULTED WITH MUSK MELONS.

How a Reverend Book-Agent Was  
Served for His Persistence.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The savory musk melon, when in soft condition, is a missile of disastrous effect at short range. Pedestrians on Asylum street, Hartford, Conn., witnessed an amusing illustration of this.

It appears that the Rev. J. B. R. Walker had some trouble with a delinquent debtor who owed for a book on the instalment plan. In the employment of Mr. A. M. Hurlbut, fruit dealer, on Asylum street, was a young Mr. Johnson, who had formerly been in Mr. Walker's office, and knew of the debtor's affair. Mr. Walker called upon him, and requested that he interest himself in the matter. The young man consulted Mr. Hurlbut, who advised him that he was under no obligations to do so as he had left Mr. Walker's office. The young man took this ground and was firm in his refusal. Tuesday afternoon last Mr. Walker called at the fruit store, and sought to prevail upon him to attend to the matter by threats against the boy—that if he refused to go he would have him arrested, etc. Finally, Mr. Hurlbut interfered in behalf of his employee, and Mr. Walker promptly turned upon him. The controversy assuming an unpleasant tone, Mr. Hurlbut ordered the reverend gentleman off the premises, whereupon Mr. Walker grasped him by the shoulder, tearing his coat, and also struck him a severe blow on the head with his umbrella. For a moment Mr. Hurlbut was so surprised that he hesitated to act, but his eye lighted on a basket of musk melons standing by the doorway. The weather had been warm, and they were a trifle over-ripe and soft. In an instant Mr. Walker received a nice, large, mushy one full in the face. Before he could clear his eyes another plastered his features with its odorous material. Mr. Hurlbut was in for it now, and as it wasn't a very good day for musk melons, he gave them to Mr. Walker as fast as he could deliver them. The fusillade was thick and fast, and the crowd which had gathered enjoyed the fun. Mr. Walker stood his ground until he was musk melon from top to toe, and then turned away. The melons were not exhausted, and Mr. Hurlbut dived down into the basket again and again, and evened up Mr. Walker's *tout ensemble*, so to speak, by plastering the gentleman's back as long as he was within range. Mr. Walker finally passing out of range, and the shots going off the target, the battle came to an end.

### A CURE FOR A DRUNKEN WIFE.

Practiced by a Sober Husband with  
Good Effect.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A workingman, whose wife is a confirmed and violent drunkard, has hit upon a novel device for pacifying her and protecting himself and his family. In the morning he passes a chain around her ankles as she lies in bed, and secures the chain with a padlock. He then goes forth to his daily work. On returning in the evening, he releases his captive and allows her to remain at liberty until morning, when he chains her up again. The neighbors have seen fit to interfere and to have him arrested, but as his wife has acknowledged his persistent kindness to her in the face of her own glaring misconduct, the magistrate has dismissed him after admonishing him.

### BEAUTY UNADORNED.

The Nude Woman That Appeared Under  
the Gaslight in a Bowery Shop  
Window.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Sophie Weitz, the wife of a restaurant keeper at 388 Bowery, was held for trial the past week in the Jefferson Market Police Court, on the very novel and unusual charge of appearing naked in her husband's show window.

The alleged exhibition took place on Wednesday night at 11:30 o'clock, when the Bowery was thronged with people, and, according to the police, the excitement caused by the spectacle was something tremendous. Officer Lefferts made efforts to get into the place, but could not do so, he says, because the front door was locked, and the woman remained posed where she was until her husband finally removed her by force. On Thursday Col. Meyer, who keeps a saloon at 392, went to the court and obtained a warrant against Mrs. Weitz, and on this she was arrested and taken to court.

Mrs. Weitz was interviewed by a reporter, to whom she made the following statement:

"On Wednesday I went with part of my family to Long Branch. When I returned home I found that my oldest boy had been spending more money than he had a right to, and I attempted to correct him for it. My husband tried to prevent my whipping the boy, and I have no doubt there was considerable noise made. After it was all over I sat down for a short time in a chair near the window, and in a moment I saw Meyer passing up and down in front, making comments and directing people's attention to me. I was so mad that I abused him, and then retired to my bed-room in the rear of the saloon."

"About 1 o'clock Officer Lefferts, who has had a grudge against us for some time because he does not now get coffee and cakes for nothing, while on his beat, came into my bed-room, and attempted, undressed as I was, to drag me out of the room."

"Were you actually in your bed?" inquired the reporter.

"I was, and my boys and husband will swear to it. When my husband attempted to interfere with the officer to save me, the latter threatened to club the head off of him if he did not keep away. I am the mother of a married daughter and several other children, and it is not likely that I would be capable of doing what I am charged with."

Mr. Weitz says he intends to sue Meyer for \$20,000 damages at once.

### A TAKING BUSINESS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The question whether women can engage in manly pursuits on an equal footing with the lords of creation is one that has excited considerable discussion. The champions of feminine rights have been loud in their assertions that there are no duties in the way of obtaining a livelihood that the fair sex can not perform just as well as the sterner. Of late years facts would seem to bear out this assertion. Occupations heretofore monopolized by the males have been engaged in by women, and with a fair degree of success.

About the most novel competition ever entered into by the fair ones is that in which a young lady is engaged, that of a traveling "fakeress." She had noticed the thriving way in which curb-stone vendors of fancy articles got along, and concluded to try her hand in that line. She selected tooth-powder as the most promising article of commerce with which to accumulate wealth. Whether the fact that in setting forth the merits of that article to customers on the sidewalk, necessitated the putting of the arms lovingly about the neck of the small boy, while brushing the teeth, had any influence in causing her to enter the business, is best known to herself. Being fair to look upon, it is safe to assume that she regarded that part of the business as a good trick to catch custom. If report says truly, her calculations were not wrong. She appeared in Fonda last week, and drove a rushing trade. All of the young men wanted their teeth cleaned. A fair arm about the neck was a magnet that drew the nickles from the pockets of the young men at rapid rate, and left her richer by far than when she struck the town.

### The Base Ball Champions of 1880.

[With Portraits.]

On the fifth page of this issue will be found excellent portraits of the Chicago Base Ball Nine, who, without a doubt, will win the base ball championship of 1880.

The Chicago team, since the season began, have played against the seven nines representing the League Base Ball Association belong to Boston, Buffalo, Providence, Troy, Cleveland, Worcester and Cincinnati. Up to August 31, 1880, the Chicago club has played sixty-two games.

They have won fifty-one games, lost twelve and the other ended in a tie. The Providence club has played the same number of games as the Chicago club, and hold second position, but the Chicago nine lead them by thirteen games, Providence only having won thirty-eight. Under these circumstances it is next to impossible for the Providence club to win the championship from the famous Chicago nine.

Since the great Red Stocking Club of Cincinnati won the championship in 1870, there has been no nine that has made such a great record as the Chicago nine. Their fielding and batting has been admired by all who have witnessed their playing. Their present excellent standing in the League games has been gained by genuine merit. The pennant will go into worthy hands.



## SOCIETY NOTES.

**Jealousy Gets into Waggoner**  
**"Bigger'n a Woodchuck,"**  
**and He Becomes a**  
**Corpse.**

**ELBOW-TWISTERS, TAKE HEART.**

**A Judge in Massachusetts Decides**  
**That a Man can Drink all the**  
**Whisky He Wants.**

**A MURDEROUS YOUTH.**

**He Makes a Target of His Uncle**  
**and Aunt, and Proves a**  
**Bad Shot.**

**A JUDGE SHOT-GUNNER.**

**Green Ellis Departs this Life With**  
**the Aid of a Rope and a**  
**Liberal Dose of Lead.**

**THE ADVENTURES OF A DRUMMER.**

### CHARGED WITH RAPE.

John B. Lewis, a negro, who is charged with outraging a girl named Baker a few weeks since at Mt. Vernon, O., has been arrested. He has been hiding in the woods. He admits intercourse, but claims it was with the girl's consent.

### BROOK'S ADVENTURES.

George M. Brooks, a traveling salesman for a Detroit house, married a pretty servant girl in Cadillac, Mich., and taking her to Imlay City, set up house-keeping. He at last disappeared. She went to Detroit and found that he had a wife living there. He is now under arrest.

### THE OLD LADY'S COUNT.

Mrs. Catharine Schaeffer, a widow sixty years old, has commenced a suit in the Brooklyn city court for \$10,000 damages, for alleged breach of promise of marriage, against Antonio Fersoriere, a young Italian. She has also preferred a charge of obtaining a mortgage for \$1,600 from her under false pretences. The Italian was arrested in this city and taken to Brooklyn to answer the latter complaint.

### A JUDGE SHOT.

Judge Page was shot in his house and severely but not fatally wounded, at Austin, Minn., Tuesday night, by an unknown assassin. He has for years been the principal mover in a great political, social and religious feud which has agitated Southern Minnesota. The deed was committed at 8 p. m., with a shotgun fired through a window, and the wounds were made in the back of Page's head and neck. Page is county judge.

### A SHOCKING MURDER.

The dead body of an unknown woman, horribly beaten and bruised, was found on the 26th ult., in a secluded ravine two miles north of Sidney, Ohio. It could not be identified. A post mortem examination revealed the fact that the woman would shortly have been delivered of twins. William Curtis, a canal boatman, was arrested on suspicion, it being thought that the deceased was a cook on his boat. The place of murder showed signs of a fierce struggle. The woman's clothing was torn and scattered about.

### GOOD NEWS FOR BOOZERS.

Drunkenness has just been decided not to be a crime in Massachusetts, according to the ruling of Judge Tillson, of the First District Court of Southern Worcester, who ordered the discharge of a prisoner arraigned for drunkenness. This decision, which has created quite a sensation, is based upon technical points and complications growing out of an old law and a failure to make proper provisions in its substitute. "Quite a flaw in the Bay State law," as Nat. Goodwin would say in his reconstructed Evangelines.

### ESCAPED HEMP.

Roland Rucker, who was to have been hanged on the 28th ult., at Palestine, Texas, for the murder of Dr. and Mrs. Grayson, was found dead in his cell at an early hour, he having severed an artery with a knife concealed in his cell. The crime for which Rucker was condemned was a political one. He and a dozen other men who objected to Dr. Grayson's affiliation with the negroes, rode to his house one

night, and fired a volley which killed him and his wife. Nearly all of the offenders were sent to prison for long terms, but Rucker, being the leader, was condemned to death.

### A TOUGH YOUTH.

The police of Logansport, Ind., arrested in that city a seventeen-year old boy, and sent him to Winamac, in that State, where he will be called to answer in court for the attempted shooting of his uncle and a foster father, a Mr. Morehardt, of Rosedale, Pulaski county. The boy has lived with his uncle for a number of years, and was well treated, but so bad did he become that his uncle found it necessary to chastise him occasionally. Last spring the uncle gave Frank a very severe whipping, after which the boy ran away and was not heard of until a week ago, when he appeared at Morehardt's house in Rosedale. The uncle approached the boy and offered him a home again, but Frank only answered by drawing a revolver and firing nine successive shots and one shot at Mrs. Morehardt, none of which took effect, however.

### FOR INTERFERING.

News of a murder committed near Wellington, in Summer county, Southern Kansas, has come in. It seems that Henry Waggoner and his wife, who live in a house owned by a man named Capps, were quarreling and indulging in mutual recriminations, the husband charging the wife with being somewhat too intimate with the landlord. Capps happened to be in the stable at the time, which was not a very long distance from the house, and hearing them quarreling and his name mentioned, went into the house and entered into a dispute with Waggoner. Mrs. Waggoner left the room when Capps came in. Waggoner struck at Capps, but missed him, when the latter picked up a hammer and struck him on the head with it, killing him almost instantly. The murderer was arrested. Mrs. Waggoner, when giving her testimony regarding the affair, seemed to be cool and utterly indifferent as to the fate her husband had met. Capps is not a quarrelsome or bad man but seems to be greatly under the influence of Mrs. Waggoner.

### THREE BROTHERS KILLED.

GONZALES, Texas, Sept. 22.—Particulars of a terrible triple tragedy at Leesville, in this county, are just at hand. Three leading citizens and brothers, Houston, William and Phipps Littlefield, while walking on a road, met Orvie, James and Edward Martin. Houston Littlefield had had a previous difficulty with the party, and separated without settling it. Meeting again, they renewed the quarrel. Houston Littlefield drew his pistol on Orvie Martin, who was unarmed. James Martin, seeing his brother in danger, ran up and struck Houston Littlefield with a hoe, felling him to the ground. At that Phipps Littlefield drew his revolver and shot James Martin, the ball hitting him in the head. By this time all hands had drawn revolvers, and a general fire began. Ed Martin was wounded in the hand, but not before he had shot and instantly killed Houston and William Littlefield. The two Littlefields lay dead, while their brother, mortally wounded, cast his dying gaze upon their ghastly bodies reddened with gore. The Martins then left the scene. Phipps Littlefield died a few hours after the fight. It is thought the Littlefield family connections will take up the fight, and wreak vengeance on the Martins.

### ROTTEN-EGGING AN ACTRESS.

An actress was egged at Philadelphia the other night, at the Walnut Street Theatre, where C. L. Graves' Combination occupy the boards with the "Four Seasons." During the third act, while George Parker, as Susan Sweetapple, a Yankee dairy-maid, was singing a song, an egg in an advanced state of decomposition whizzed over the pit from the west side of the top gallery, and came to grief against a canvas palmetto tree, a few feet from Miss Parker. The audience was startled for the moment, and the actress changed color, but did not falter in the song. Half a minute later another egg, similarly disabled, was thrown upon the stage from the east side of the top gallery. The actress was intensely mortified, and finished her song with great difficulty, and in a high state of excitement. The audience showed much displeasure at the deliberate insult to the lady, and applauded her to the echo, so much so that she was compelled to respond to an encore. In the meantime the ushers from all parts of the house had gathered to the quarter from where the eggs had been flung and a man was seen endeavoring to secrete an egg in his coat pocket. The fellow was bounced upon, and hurried into the street, where he was turned over to a policeman.

### RETRIBUTION.

Tuesday morning about 11 o'clock a negro named Green Ellis assaulted Mrs. Tom Duncan, two miles north of Nashville, Tenn., as she was riding along the Elkton road. She was knocked from her horse and beaten with a stone until Ellis thought she was dead. Then he took \$12 that was on her person. After he robbed her he dragged her about twenty yards in the bushes, and as he threw her down she heard him remark that dead folks told no tales. Mrs. Duncan recovered sufficiently to get home and report. A party started in pursuit at once, but never captured Ellis until Wednesday evening. He was caught near Nashville with \$6.20 in his possession. He did not have any money Tuesday morning, and on Tuesday he was seen with a lot of silver in his hands. He said he won the money from another darky playing seven-up at five cents a game. To win \$6.20 at five cents a game he would have to play a hundred and twenty-four games, winning every time. He was taken before Mrs. Duncan on Thursday. She identified him as the man who assaulted her. He had a trial, and was to have been taken to Elkton jail. That night, at 10 o'clock, between twenty-five and fifty men rode into town, overpowered the guards and forced the keys from them. Ellis was taken out, put upon a horse, and the party left town as quickly and quietly as they came. In the morning Ellis was found hanging to a tree about five feet from where he struck Mrs. Duncan. He had thirteen bullet-holes in his body. An inquest was held, and his body cut down.

### "GOOD-BYE, CHARLIE."

**The Franks of a "Masher"—A Marriage of Which He Has Repented—A Deserted Wife.**

Charles A. Van Dusen, or "Charlie," as he was popularly known, has lived in Passaic City, N. J., for some years and is well known in all the country about there as a fellow fond of company, fond of spees, and hardly so bad as to be called a villain. He was a generous, good-natured, but rather dissolute man or boy, and as such generally known. There were half-drunken escapades with horse-racing and dancing in the suburbs.

There were nights of singing and fence climbing, but little "o' the bad" was laid at his door 'till he married a Paterson damsel against his parents' wishes. Then there was a row. But they went to housekeeping, and finally all parties settled down, the first time for Charlie, and the surviving partners in his production became acquiescent in the results of his departure. The elder Van Dusen, head of the Whip Manufacturing Company below referred to is an upright gentleman.

The only fear is that he has such lofty ideas of propriety, derived from an old New England ancestry, that the little trouble which has happened to his son and many other sons before him will entirely break him up. The following is a dispatch recently received:

"CINCINNATI, O., August 30.—A man and woman registered at the St. James Hotel on Saturday under the name of Mason and wife. Shortly after the man paid his bill to Sunday and went out, and has not been seen since. He had in his possession his own and his wife's money. His wife became alarmed and instituted search, but could not find her husband, who is believed to have left the city. They were married two weeks ago, unknown to his parents. His name is Charles A. Van Dusen, member of firm at 40 Warren street, New York. His wife was a sewing girl in the factory in the same building. Van Dusen's folks are living at Passaic, N. J. His wife, who was left entirely destitute at the hotel, leaves by a pass to New York furnished by the city authorities this morning.

### A FRENCH HEROINE.

**A Brave Woman Who Keeps a Vegetable Stall in Paris.**

One of the celebrities of the Paris markets is a woman who keeps a vegetable stall and who wears the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor. This woman, Annette Devron by name, was formerly cantiniere to the Thirty-second Regiment of Infantry and to the Second Regiment of Zouaves, which she accompanied through the campaigns of Africa and Italy and during the war with Germany. Of the seven or eight female members of the Legion of Honor she is the only one who received the distinction for an act of valor upon the field of battle; and she was decorated after the battle of Magenta for rescuing the regimental colors from two Austrian soldiers who had captured them. During the war with Germany she was with the Thirty-second Regiment in Metz, and upon the surrender of that fortress she was sent off to Germany with the survivors. Just outside Metz a Bavarian soldier insulted her, and she pulled out her revolver and shot him through the heart. For this she was condemned to death, and would have been shot but for the intervention of Prince Frederick Charles who, hearing that a woman was to be executed, made inquiries into the case, the result being that Annette Devron was set at liberty. She lived in great poverty for some time, but Marshal MacMahon happened to hear about her, a sum of money sufficient to enable her to set up the stall at which she now sells carrots, turnips and other aids to digestion was given her.

### A SAD DOWNFALL.

**A Night of Debauchery That Destroys a Man's Character.**

Father O'Reilly, a Catholic priest of Osage, Kan., is experiencing the liveliest kind of an overhauling by a leading light of the Catholic church, on account of a boisterous debauch at Emporia a few days ago. The reverend father, while at Emporia, registered at a hotel under an assumed name, and occupied a room in company with a former wife of the present sheriff, a Mrs. Diabon. He got very drunk and abused the woman, raising such a noise as to awaken several guests of the house, who burst open the door of the room and found the two deshabille, the woman trying to release herself from the lecherous embraces of her companion. She finally got away and quiet was restored. The next morning the priest demanded his money from the woman. Since then he has given her \$25, with the promise of \$25 more. The scandal has been investigated by the local church authorities, testimony being taken from the woman and others.

### A DEADLY DOSE.

**A Young Man's Dastardly Deed Near Hazle Green, Kentucky, Which Causes the Death of a Respectable Young Woman.**

Mr. STERLING, Ky., August 30.—In Morgan county, near Hazle Green, last week a most horrible outrage was committed. Buchanan Caywood, a young man, aged eighteen, a resident of Hazle Green, induced a young girl aged seventeen, named Esther Jane Oldfield, daughter of George W. Oldfield, to take a drink of peach brandy, which was so strongly impregnated with cantharides that she was immediately seized with vomiting; the interior of her throat and stomach sloughed off and was thrown up, with great quantities of blood, which caused her death in a few hours. Young Caywood was arrested and tried before an examining court and committed to jail at West

Liberty without bail, on a charge of murder. The testimony showed that he gave her the liquid with mean intent and was aware of its fatal tendencies and said he "didn't care if it did kill her." At one time there was talk of lynching, but it was quieted.

### CRAZED BY RELIGION.

**A Prominent Methodist Minister Jumps From a Ferryboat and Drowns Himself.**

PHILADELPHIA, August 30.—Rev. D. M. DeHughes, a Methodist clergyman at Cinnaminson, N. J., in the Trenton district, and editor of the New Jersey *Christian Herald*, committed suicide this midnight by springing in the Delaware River from a ferryboat that was coming from Camden to Philadelphia. Mr. DeHughes was returning from the camp meeting at Olean Grove, in which he took a prominent part. A lad saw him sitting upon the steamboat rail and noticed the troubled expression of his countenance. The boy turned his head, and when he again looked back the man was gone. An alarm was at once given, but the suicide could not be rescued. He left behind him a pocketbook and a sealed letter, addressed to G. B. Lloyd, of Cinnaminson, N. J. No cause can be ascribed for the act except that the minister was crazed by a religious fervor.

### Driving a Bargain.

A young lady is buying an adorable little bull-terrier. Just at the moment of concluding the bargain, she says:

"O, I wanted to say, does he bark much? I am so sensitive to sound of any kind that the least noise gives me a headache."

"O, no, marm," says the dog-fancier, "I hanswer for that dog. 'E hisn't one of them noisy beggars has keeps barking 'is blessed 'ead off hon heach hand hevery hoccasion. Not 'e! Why, bless you, marm, 'e might be sleeping hat the foot of your bed, hand a burglar might break hin hand chop off your ladyship's sanguinary 'ead with an ax, hand this blessed brute 'd never let a whimper hout of 'im. That's the sort of dog 'e is!"

### MURDER IN BROOKLYN.

**A Well-Known Lawyer is Stabbed to the Heart While Engaged in a Street Row.**

A murder occurred early on the morning of the 29th ult., at Bond street and Atlantic avenue, Brooklyn, in which a well-known lawyer, George C. Harward, living at 79 Dean street, was instantly killed. Two women were being followed by some ruffians and Harward and an acquaintance named Peter F. Larkin, interfered. The officers at a distance then heard quarreling, and running up, reached the spot just in time to catch Harward in their arms as he fell back dead, stabbed in the heart. Three men named Patrick Tierney, Walter J. Best and Joseph H. Campbell were arrested later for committing the crime. The two women were locked up as witnesses. Tierney is thought to be the man who actually committed the deed.

### Miller's Talents.

[With Portrait.]

J. A. Miller is a sinner who don't believe in limiting his abilities in any way. He is versatile in the ways of crime. At the present time he is a fugitive from justice, having made himself amenable thereto by forgery, bigamy and other misdemeanors. He also took a hand at preaching to further his schemes. His latest field of operations was Augusta, Ga., and the authorities at that place will not only feel obliged but will richly reward any one who will return him to them under care.

### A Noted Scent.

[With Portrait.]

Among the scouts of the far west Albert Koogler, known as Rocky Mountain Al holds a first place. His daring and fearlessness are without question. He has performed valuable services in a manner that has won the admiration of all who admire bravery and fidelity. With his duties in this line, he combines those of a journalist and is at present connected with the staff of the Las Vegas Gazette.

### Favorites of the Footlights.

[With Portrait.]

Theatre-goers in the different cities need no introduction to the charming actress whose features grace our columns this week. Jennie Calvert is one of the most painstaking artists on the stage, and she has fairly won the popularity she now enjoys. She is always a distinguished member of every company with which she is engaged, her talents enabling her to take first rank.

At Providence, R. I., on August 24th a wrestling match took place between Duncan C. Ross, the Scotch Canadian champion of Toronto, Ontario, and John C. Daley of New York, the Irish American champion athlete, for a purse of \$500. About 6,000 persons were present. The athletes wrestled on the lake on board of a craft used in the presentation of "Pinafore," and the articles of agreement stipulated three falls in five, in catch as catch can, Irish and Scotch styles and Graeco-Roman wrestling. Ross won the first fall in 15m. 7 1/2 s, by a cross lock in the catch as catch can, Irish style, and Daley won the second fall in 13m. The third contest was catch as catch can, Scotch style, and after brief skirmishing both men struggled over the edge of the boat and sank beneath the surface of the water amid intense excitement. Both appeared in a few seconds, and as Ross reached a plank, thrust out to save him, Daley caught him by the foot and sought to drag him back. Ross struck him violently in the face and Daley retaliated with vigor before they were lifted out. Both men were greatly excited, and Daley sustained an injury to his leg, which prevented his return to the carpet. The referee refused to make any decision, and the contest was postponed.



### "JUST ONE LITTLE KISS."

#### Persistent Pleading of a Bold Sogor Boy, and Spoiling a Romantic Situation.

During the encampment of the Governor's Guards at Yellow Springs, several Springfield families took rooms at the Neff House. Among them was one of our city belles, quite gay and handsome. Everywhere she has scores of admirers, and is well aware of her power. But no lady sojourner's happiness is complete at the Springs unless she has one or more persons of the genus beau. A girl who hasn't a regular out and out thoroughbred beau merits the aristocratic contempt of these innocent, galleless people. Now Miss Amelia, who is a dashing, independent girl, swore she would revolutionize matters; she would have no beau. Well, what happened? Just what always happens in such cases. Instead of one she was constantly harrassed and worried by a half dozen or more. Worried may possibly be the wrong word in this connection. Miss Amelia could out-dance, out-skip, out-jump or out-row anything in petticoats about Yellow Springs, and one certain young swain, member of the Governor's Guards, who must forevermore be known as Alphonso, became desperately in love with her. He was at her side as much as the other fellow would allow him to do so.

Very late Sunday night, preparatory to the break-up of the camp next morning, after Miss Amelia had bidden all her lady friends an affectionate good-bye, she was met at the head of the stairs by Alphonso. Here followed one of the fullest, yet emptiest, outpourings of love ever echoed by the groves of the Neff House. Alphonso told her how he loved her, how he couldn't live without her, and least, though not last, how he'd die if she didn't return his love.

Miss Amelia told him she didn't love him just now, and that she'd think about it while she was packing her trunk. She would try, oh! so hard, to love him.

"Well, then," said he, on his bended, almost bow-legged knees, "kiss me good-night, dearest!"

"O no! no! no! I can't do that," she replied; "it wouldn't be right, you know; indeed it wouldn't."

"O, just one little kiss!" he persisted, his voice growing stronger; "only one little kiss."

A nod of the head in refusal was her only answer. Again and again he pleaded for this little, trifling token of love's esteem, until even his courage ebbed away.

A silence of two seconds followed. The midnight breezes sang their low, sweet Eolian roundelay, and



THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE'S SPORTING GALLERY.

ARTHUR GORE, OF DETROIT, FAMOUS SPORTING MAN, POLITICIAN AND ROAD HOUSE KEEPER.  
(Photographed by John Wood, 208 Bowery, N. Y.)

and blinked merrily, seeming to enjoy the (to them) no doubt common situation. Thus the lovers remained for a few seconds, when the stillness was broken as if by an earthquake. A groan was heard from a near-by room. "One little kiss!" moaned Alphonso once more. It was his last request, for suddenly a voice from a man overhead broke on the air, exclaiming:

"O, for God's sake give the d—d sucker a kiss, and let me go to sleep!"

Alphonso and Amelia vanished. The pure night air had done its treacherous work.

### A FATHER'S MADNESS.

#### Building a Fire at Night for the Purpose of Cremating His Child.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Ten days ago Constable Moyse, of Montreal, Can. was suspended from the city police force for incapacity, and since then his mind has been deranged. He built a fire in his stove late at night, and when the coals were glowing took off the lids, and quickly seizing his youngest child, which had been sleeping with him, dropped it on the stove and prepared to replace the lid, unmoved by the screams of the agonized and broiling child. His wife rushed to the scene, shoved him down and snatched the burning child from the stove. The life of the child can hardly be saved.

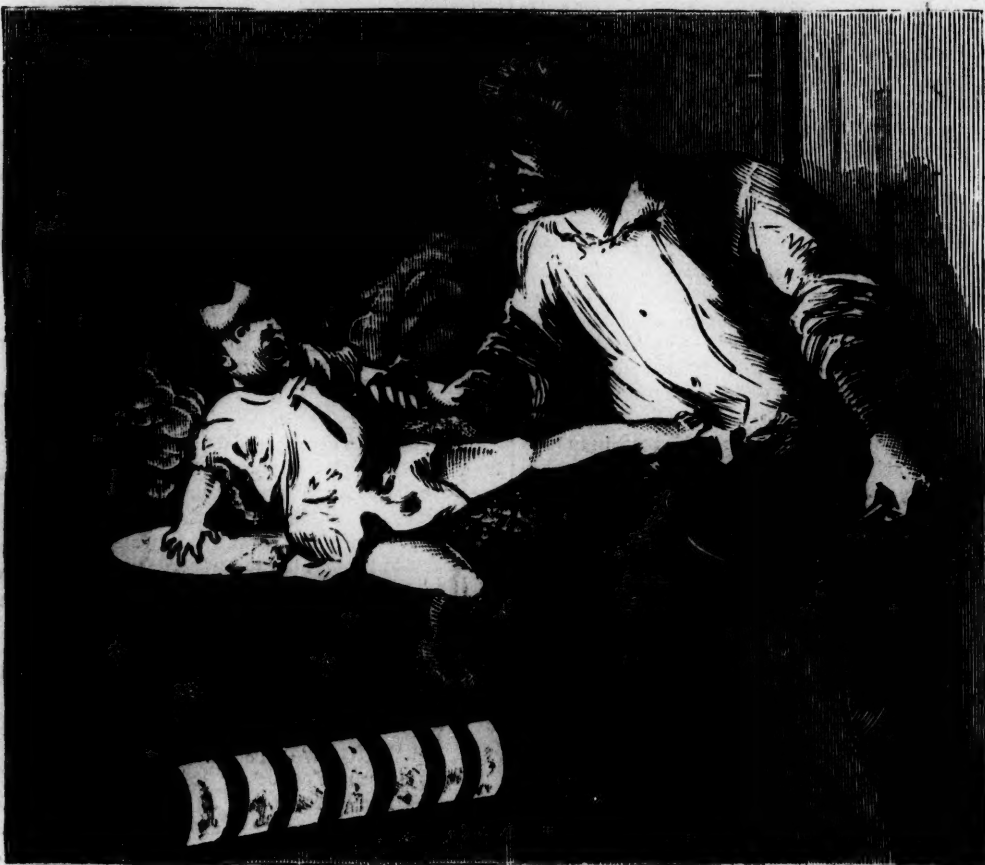
Papers were prepared for his committal as a dangerous lunatic, but he escaped, and throwing himself before engine No. 300, on the Grand Trunk Railway, while it was at full speed, he was instantly killed, his body being torn to pieces.

### A FATAL WALTZ.

#### The Tragic Death of Two Sisters From off an Erie Canal Boat.

[Subject of Illustration.]

On Wednesday night, about 10 o'clock, as a tow of canal boats were on the way to the city of Cornwall, the captain's wife, Mrs. Wilber F. Hill, and her sister, Miss Maria Milligan, while waltzing together on the edge of the boat, accidentally fell overboard and were drowned, despite the efforts of the captain who jumped over after them and exerted himself to the utmost for fifteen minutes in the water in the fruitless effort to rescue them. By the time the pilot of the tugboat was made aware of the accident the unfortunate women were lost to view. The deceased were from Fulton, Oswego county. The boat from



A CRAZY EX-POLICE OFFICER GETS UP IN THE NIGHT, BUILDS A FIRE IN THE STOVE, AND TRIES TO ROAST HIS CHILD TO DEATH; MONTREAL.

carried the grief-stricken lover's agonizing words clear up and around the balcony. The girl stood motionless and pale, suppressing the struggle for supremacy of laughter over pain. The stars winked



AN UNFORTUNATE BOOK AGENT IS GIVEN A DOSE OF DECAYED MUSK-MELONS BY A HARRASSED CUSTOMER; HARTFORD, CONN.—SEE PAGE 10.



NETTIE CARL, FOUND DEAD IN "DR." EARLL'S HALLWAY, WHERE SHE HAD BEEN PLACED BY EARLL, AFTER DYING UNDER HIS TREATMENT.



"DR." EARLL, THE NOTORIOUS CHICAGO ABORTIONIST; NOW IN JAIL IN THAT CITY ON A CHARGE OF CAUSING THE DEATH OF NETTIE CARL.



J. A. MILLER, ALIAS HOOPER, FORGER, BIGAMIST, AND BOGUS CLERGYMAN; WANTED AT AUGUSTA, GEORGIA, FOR HIS VARIOUS OFFENSES.



## A PLUCKY FEMALE.

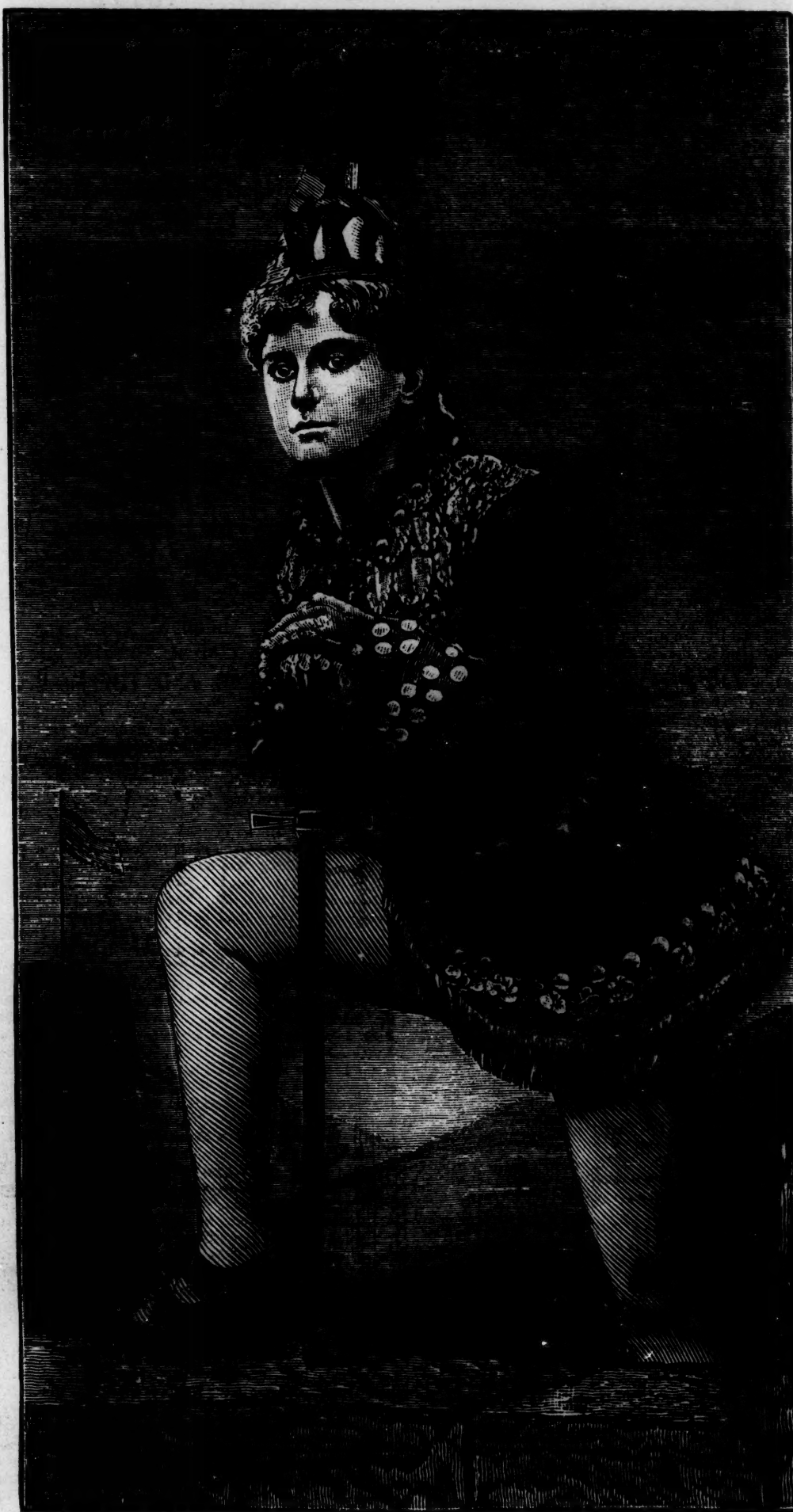
Gobbling Counterfeiters in the Wilds of Arkansas—A Gal Who Was Bound to Die With Her Boots on.

[Subject of Illustration.]

For a long time the agents of the United States secret service have been aware of the existence in Benton county, Arkansas, of a den of counterfeiters, but the officers could not locate them. They did succeed, however, the other day, in finding the place and gobbling up a band of six, including two women; but they had a merry time of it before they secured them. The aid of a well-known detective, a resident of Joplin, was called by the government officials, and after looking over the field plans were laid out for the capture of the counterfeiters. The Joplin detective, who has had considerable experience with the criminals who inhabit Arkansas and Southwest Missouri, was detailed to look up the gang and find the habitation of the crowd that has been flooding the country with spurious coin. He assumed the garb of a farm hand and started on his tiresome and dangerous mission. He was positive that the "factory" was somewhere in the canyons east of Bentonville, and confined his peregrinations to that immediate section. He traveled all the time on foot and had some very lonesome and weary walks. He did most of his traveling after night, and many times walked alone through the forests of those uninhabited hollows until, overcome by fatigue, he would lay down on the ground and sleep. The trip was not only a hard one, but a dangerous one, as the illicit distillers in those hollows do not hesitate to abbreviate the existence of any one whose conduct is such as to create the suspicion that they are detectives.

After several days' tramp the detective found the place and he applied for work, but could not "get a job." It was in a deep, dark and lonesome hollow, and the house, a small log cabin, was located in a "clearing" of about two acres of ground. There was no other habitation nearer than three miles, and yet the "head of the house" claimed that he made a living by farming. The detective, finding that he could not get employment, complained of being sick, and asked the privilege of remaining there a couple of days to "rest up." The request was granted, though somewhat reluctantly, and in that time he saw enough to convince him that he had found the parties. Men would frequently come to the house during the night time, and the interviews between them and the inmates were always held in a small cabin near by which was designated the "smoke-house." The family consisted of a man about fifty years old, his wife and a girl about eighteen. The girl seemed to be something of a "boss," and while she was handsome, she had an air about her that told plainly she was a vixen when "riled."

When the detective had satisfied himself that he had found the parties, and had learned by eavesdropping when the confederates were to be at the house he took his departure and made known to the other officials the result of his search. They at once prepared themselves, and on the afternoon that the friends of the old backwoodsman were to be at the house rode up and captured the entire party—four men and two women. But they did not do it without exchanging shots, and one of the officers afterward said that it looked at one time as if the officers would have to retreat. The first sight of the officials was a signal for shooting, and the counterfeiters made it decidedly warm for the officers. The girl ran into the yard or open space in front of the house, with a six-shooter in each hand, and opened a most vigorous and dangerous fire. She shot one of the officers in the leg and made an ugly wound in the breast of the horse ridden by another one. Even after the officers had dismounted and taken hold of her she fought like a tigress and tried to shoot them. When she had been disarmed she gave them a "tongue lashing," which, the officer says, was about the bitterest he ever heard.



FAVORITES OF THE FOOTLIGHTS.

JENNIE CALEF, BURLESQUE AND VARIETY ACTRESS.

In the old "smoke house" were found a number of moulds and about one hundred dollars in spurious coin, all half dollars. The prisoners were at once taken to Fort Smith and lodged in jail. The officer says they were a hard and dangerous-looking set, and that they admitted having been engaged in counterfeiting for several years.

## A CRUEL ASSASSINATION.

A Prominent Southern Gentleman is Shot Down While Driving to His Home—Eastern Carolina Mourns His Loss.

[With Portrait.]

[Special Correspondence of POLICE GAZETTE.]

WASHINGTON, N. C. August 19th.—Beaufort county is in a high state of excitement over one of the most dastardly crimes that has ever been committed in this section.

General Bryan Grimes, a large planter and influential citizen, who lives nine miles from this town and just within the borders of Pitt county, was shot and instantly killed while driving home last Saturday evening, between sunset and dark.

The particulars are these: A Democratic County Convention convened here on the 14th inst., and the general, according to his usual custom of coming to town every Saturday, was present, though not at all concerned in the convention. Toward evening he was in unusually good spirits and brought good cheer to his friends as he moved from circle to circle.

He left for home about 6 o'clock, carrying with him a young visitor in the person of Bryan Satterthwaite, twelve years of age.

On reaching Little Bear Creek, two and a half miles from his home, he met his fate. A gentle slope led from the opposite side, which the horses were ascending, when the ruffian fired the shot that was to end his life. He had only time to exclaim, "I am shot, it will kill me," when he sunk to the foot of the buggy and expired.

The boy, who displayed heroic qualities, checked the frightened horses, drove to the top of the hill and with the assistance of one Carrom, replaced the victim properly in the buggy, and after the man's refusal to accompany him, drove a mile and a half further on to Col. Stickney's, who carried the remains one mile further to the general's home.

The road where the murder occurred is in a swamp, surrounded by dense growth on either side. The assassin was in ambush, and after the shooting, it was afterwards discovered, waded some two hundred yards in the water before emerging.

The affair still an unsolved mystery and the base perpetrators are still at large.

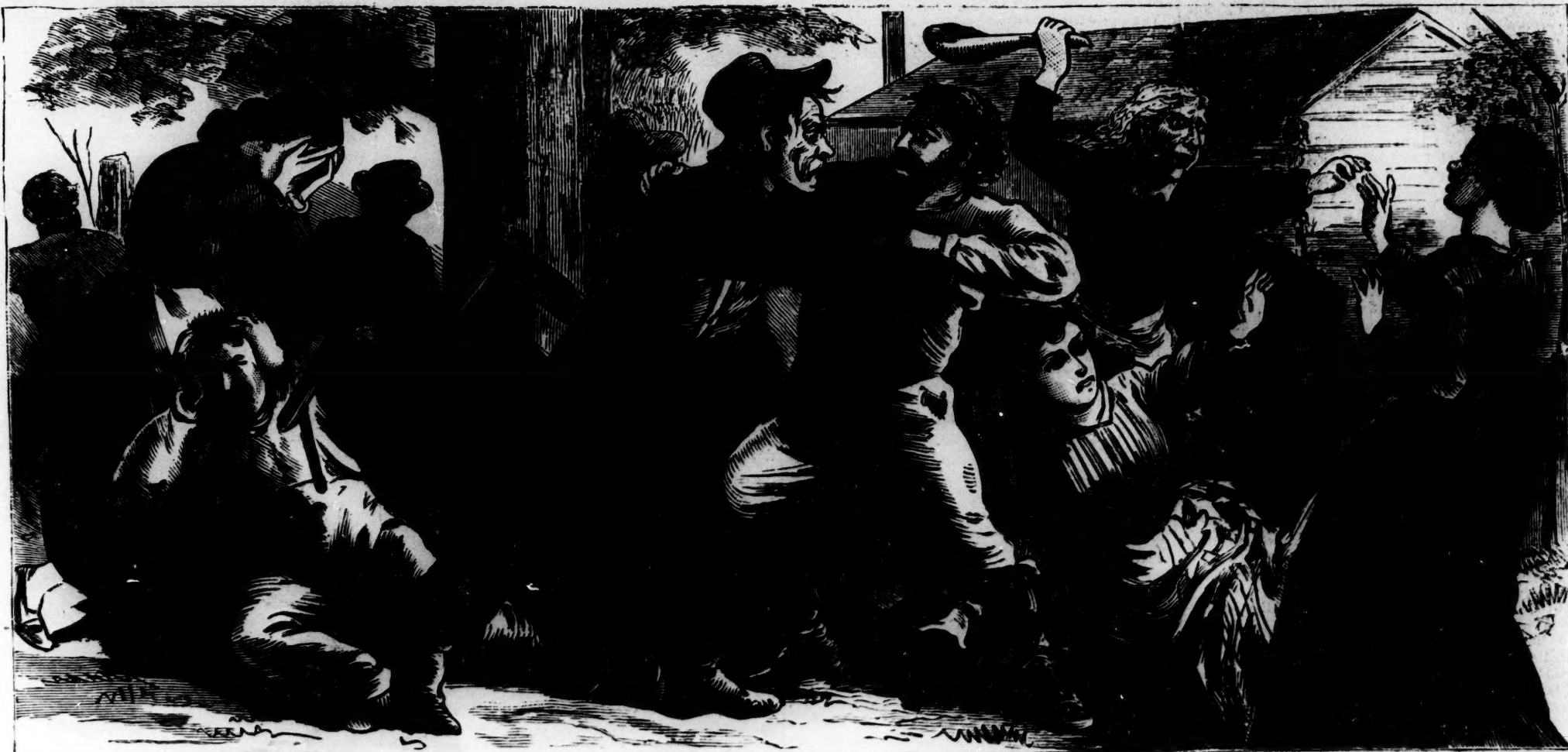
General Bryan Grimes was born in 1827, of an illustrious North Carolina family, and amongst them all there was no truer son than the subject of this sketch. He was a good, brave and honest man, who spurned all flattery and denunciated wrong wherever found.

By this straightforward path he gained many strong friends, but at the same time made some bitter personal enemies, and to these his death is attributed. He entered the Confederate army in 1861, as major, and emerged at the close a major-general. His name was synonymous with bravery and his hope knew no despair.

Throughout the army he was honored and loved and at Gettysburg he led the last charge of the dying Confederacy. Since then he has pursued his chosen vocation on the farm, accepting the results of the war and giving his cordial support to the Union.

He was twice married and leaves a wife and nine children to mourn his loss. He was a devoted husband and kind father and a generous friend. North Carolina loses a son whose vacancy will long be felt.

Mrs. FLORENCE WEBER, near Akron, was killed by lightning recently, while standing in the door of her home.



A SOCIABLE FAMILY RE-UNION NEAR LITTLE ROCK, ARK., AT WHICH THE FATHER OF THE FLOCK TAUGHT HIS PROGENY THAT IF HE WAS OLD, HE COULD STILL RULE THE "PATERNAL ROOST."—SEE PAGE 7.



## THE AMERICAN PRIZE-RING.

Its Battles, Its Wrangles and Its  
Heroes From 1812 to  
1880.

An Interesting Description of the  
Great Fistic Encounters Between  
Pugilists of the Past and  
Present.

The Great Battle Between Dominick  
Bradley and S. S. Rankin, at  
Point Albino, in 1857.

A Long and Desperate Encounter Be-  
tween Modern Giants of the Ring—  
One Hundred and Fifty Rounds  
Fought in Two Hours  
and Fifty-Eight  
Minutes.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE,  
By W. E. HARDING.

(Continued.)

Following the slashing fistic encounter between Lazarus and Horgan was the great battle for \$2,000 and the championship of America between S. S. Rankin and Dominick Bradley of Philadelphia.

Both pugilists kept sporting houses in Philadelphia: Bradley on the corner of Penn and South streets; and Rankin on the corner of Broad and Rose street, Philadelphia. Rankin had never fought in the ring, but he had made a great display of science in a sparring match at Kerrigan's Hall, White street, New York, in 1856, and many looked upon him as capable of whipping Bradley. Rankin stood 6 feet in height and weighed 185 pounds in condition. He was born in Belfast, Ireland, in 1857.

Dominick Bradley stood 6 feet in height, and when trained weighed 195 pounds. He only fought once in the ring previous to his meeting Rankin. He fought Hug Sloan on December 1, 1853, and whipped him easily in 12 rounds, which were fought in 21 minutes.

On the 19th of November, 1855, he offered to fight any man in America. Matt Rush accepted the challenge and the proposed match ended in a fizzle.

Harry Gribben on July 23, 1856, posted a forfeit of \$50 to blind a match for Tom Hyer to fight the Philadelphia giant. Bradley covered the stake and Hyer refused to fight because the stake \$1,000 was too small, and because he thought Gribben had no right to make a match on his behalf.

Bradley received the forfeit, and the fact of such a noted pugilist as Tom Hyer forfeiting to him made him believe he could whip Morrissey or any man breathing.

Bradley's backers and admirers had the same opinion and offered to back it up with gold.

Bradley was elated when S. S. Rankin challenged him to fight at catch-weight for \$1,000 a side and the championship of America.

Neither Bradley or Rankin had any right to assume the title of champion pugilist of America, as Tom Hyer had a standing challenge to fight for \$5,000 a side.

Bradley, however, styled himself champion from the fact that Hyer refused to fight him and on the ground that Hyer had forfeited \$50 put up for Hyer to fight Bradley without the former's consent.

Rankin was a Protestant and Bradley a Catholic, and the fight between these burly pugilists originated in sectarian hatred and sectarian opposition.

On May 20th, both posted \$120 forfeit with Tom Elliott to make a match.

On May 26th, 1857, Bradley, with Alderman William McMullen, and Rankin with F. H. G. Brotherton, met to make arrangements for the mill.

After a hot discussion the pugilists signed articles of agreement to fight for \$1,000 a side and the championship of America.

It was agreed that both men should weigh 190 pounds and weigh the day before fighting.

Tom Elliott, of Philadelphia, was chosen final stakeholder, and it was agreed that Point Albino, Canada, twelve miles from Buffalo, would be the scene of the fight.

Con Fitzgerald trained Bradley, and Jonas Fox and Joe Coburn undertook to train Rankin, but left him after a wrangle.

About 1,500 persons journeyed to witness the fight. Among the spectators were Samuel Couthard, the Canadian sheriff, who kept a hotel at Fort Erie.

There was considerable speculation on the result, Bradley being prime favorite at 6 to 4. At 4 p. m. on August 1, 1857, these six foot humans entered the ring to batter each other with nature's weapons out of all semblance of humanity.

William McMullen, of Philadelphia, was umpire for Bradley, and Richard Buckley, of New York, for Rankin. Isaac Smith, of Buffalo, was the referee.

Both pugilists made a fine appearance in the ring, especially Rankin. Bradley looked the most determined and appeared to be capable of standing more punishment than Rankin.

W. J. Ayer, of Buffalo, and Tom Davis, the English pugilist, of Chicago, seconded Rankin, while Con Fitzgerald, of New York, and Harry Phillips, of Philadelphia, seconded Bradley.

Rankin's colors were all blue, while Bradley's color were red, white and blue.

In the 1st round both pugilists fought desperately. Bradley opened a deep gash over Rankin's right eye, and the blood trickled down in ruby streams over his face and chest. Rankin tried to effect a landing on the bridge of Bradley's nose, when the latter let go his left with terrific force, nailed Rankin on the mouth and knocked him clean off his feet. First blood and first knock down was claimed for Bradley and allowed amid loud cheering.

In the 2nd round Bradley forced the fighting, and it was a dollar to a Camden ferry ticket that Bradley would win.

Rankin did not appear to know how to fight, or else Bradley's auctioneer blow that sent Rankin to grass in the first round had upset his calculations and knocked the senses out of him. Rankin ended the round by falling, much to the disgust of the crowd, who had journeyed a long way to witness what they supposed would be a terrible hard fight.

In the 3rd round Rankin came up looking more confident. Bradley cleverly put in a rib rattler. Rankin began sparring on the retreat. "Come up and fight!" says Bradley. More novice fighting ensued, in the course of which Rankin was caught napping twice by Bradley, who put in a couple of stinging stunners on Rankin's light-house, which made him reel while Bradley drove him to his corner, where he dropped.

In the 4th round Bradley put in a lunge with his left on Rankin's portmanteau. More round hitting on the guards novice fashion. Bradley got some of his put in on Rankin's dial, and Rankin retreated toward the east side, where a clinch and a blow brought Rankin under, and Bradley fell across him.

Rankin plucked up courage in the 5th round, and planted a terrific left-hand blow on Bradley's victualing department and napped a stinging right-hand blow on the mouth which opened a gash. Rankin again mustered more pluck and got in another heavy blow on Bradley's boiler, which made him puff like a blacksmith bellows. Both then forced the fighting and fought to a close. Hard blows were exchanged, when both closed and fell, Rankin on top.

On time being called for the 6th round, Rankin led with a left-hander on Bradley's jaw and another on the throat. Bradley then rushed in, forced the fighting and administered a tremendous pothugue on his left temple, which swelled up immediately so as to almost blind that eye. The force of this blow also stunned Rankin into a state of wild stupor, and yet he picked himself up with a wonderful degree of dogged endurance.

The pugilists were both promptly at the mark on time being called for the 7th round. Rankin led, missed and fell amid shouts from Bradley's corner to take him away.

In the 8th round Rankin got in a dab on Bradley's bread basket, who rushed in, broke down his guard, and Rankin had to go to prayers.

In the 9th round Rankin spread himself for business, and put in some body drivers which made Bradley quailish. Some very heavy blows were exchanged on the letter box of each, enough to shake out the ivories. Bradley then rushed in, fought Rankin over to the ropes, where he beat him until he fell exhausted.

In the tenth round Bradley sent Rankin to grass by a left hand blow on the left eye, which nearly closed it.

In the twelfth round the fighting was terrific, neither displaying any science or generalship. Rankin was awkward and his blows lacked effectiveness. On the other hand Bradley's fighting abilities were not first class, but it was apparent that he was able to win Rankin's colors.

In this round Rankin was almost blind of the left eye. Bradley began to drive him out of shady corner and take possession of it himself, thus forcing Rankin to face the sun with what eyesight he had left. Rankin hit well, however, and some smart exchanges were made, when Bradley succeeded in putting in a wide-awake on Rankin's left eye, which, as it bled freely, did not swell like the other. Rankin fell much exhausted, and Bradley began to pipe a little. (Cheers on both sides.)

In the fourteenth round Rankin was fought down. Desperate fighting was done by both in this round. Bradley landed a heavy blow on Rankin's nose and followed up the advantage by delivering three more on Rankin's mouth, punishing him terribly. Rankin pluckily faced the music and delivered a smasher on Bradley's right jaw, and another on his smeller, which made Bradley pause to consider.

Bradley rallied and got in a red hot shot on Rankin's jaw and brought him down.

In the fifteenth and sixteenth rounds Bradley hammered Rankin terribly and the latter had to go to worship without regard to form of prayers.

In the seventeenth round Rankin fought better and began to realize that he either had to fight or stop. He put in a rattler among Bradley's kitchen furniture, and Bradley returned the compliment on Rankin's dial with such effect as to knock his whole clock-case over. Rankin fell bleeding like a stuck pig and he was carried to his corner for repairs in a pitiable condition.

It was the general opinion that all the fighting had been knocked out of him, but Rankin, although nearly used up, would not give up.

He had been so severely punished in the first half dozen rounds that his only chance for success lay in prolonging the fight so as to weaken Bradley, or if the worst came to the worst, show that indomitable degree of endurance and courage which he undoubtedly possessed.

Twenty-two rounds were fought in thirty minutes, and yet there was no sign of either giving in.

In the twenty-eighth round Bradley knocked Rankin down by a blow on the nose.

On went the battle amid the cheers of the excited spectators.

In the thirtieth round Rankin delivered a lightning express package on Bradley's sign-board, which staggered the receiver, and then followed that up with a battering-ram lunge on the ribs, which made Bradley look somewhat inclined to be pious, or at least make some sign of piety, but he soon sent out his left with crushing force, and Rankin went down.

In the thirty-first round Bradley still appeared anxious to get in his left on Rankin's right eye. Rankin complained of a wound on his left great toe received from one of the spikes in Bradley's fighting shoes. Bradley also showed a semi-circular scratch received on his left shoe in a similar way. Rankin's was a severe wound, and he bled freely.

The fighting from the thirtieth to the fortieth round was even. In the fortieth round Rankin put in a severe throtter, fell on one knee, got up, and sent a regular thunder bolt on Bradley's right eye. Bradley thought proper to retire, and Rankin then walked to his corner.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

In the Gazette's Illustrated Sporting gallery next week will appear a picture of L. E. Myers, the American champion runner, with a sketch of his wonderful performances, which at certain distances are the fastest on record in the world.

MAUD S., the queen of the turf, will not trot any more in public.

THE six-day-go-as-you-please pedestrian race at Victoria Hall, Newport, England, was won by G. D. Novemace of Glasgow, Scotland. He covered 459 miles. Sam Day, of London, came in second, scoring 423 miles; and J. Williams, of Chester, came in third, covering 400 miles. Novemace will be entered in the next Astley belt contest.

### A Thieves' Tavern.

Fully described in Second Edition of "Glimpses of Gotham." Price 25 cents. For sale everywhere. By mail, 28 cents from Richard K. Fox, publisher, 183 William street, N. Y.

## "THE" ALLEN.

Marshaling the Dead Heroes of the  
Past and Their Deeds into  
the Living Present With  
the Potent Types.

JOHN MORRISSEY AND BILL POOLE.

Their Meeting in the City Hotel  
—a Challenge and a Prompt  
Acceptance.

POLITICS IN "AULD LANG SYNE."  
Facts For Old Inhabitants Who  
Were "Chickens" in the Good  
Old Days of Gotham's  
Infancy.

THE SHILLELAH AND THE MAULEY.

There is a charm about old associations that appeals to the heart of every one, no matter how calloused and unsentimental age, with its blighting influence, makes the participant in the scenes of by-gone days. The past, although it may have been full of sorrows, hardships and vicissitudes always seems sweet in the light of the present. The companions of "Auld Lang Syne," whatever their faults, are held almost in reverence. New friends of to-day take a back seat in the affections.

No wonder, then, that old New Yorkers look with disdain upon the institutions of the present. "When they were boys," full of life, ambition and hope, things were different—better in their opinion than now—and it would take a magician to exorcise their convictions about old times and their associations.

The celebrated haunts of the old inhabitant of to-day were located in the time of which this history treats in the neighborhood of Walker, Church, Broadway and Park Row. The "sport" of that period was quite a different individual from his counterpart of to-day. The latter has too much effeminacy in his composition; he cultivates a moustache, is full of blow, brag and bluster—is as light as air, and twice as inconsequential. He is a degenerate type of the "old roaster" of the past. One of the most famous haunts of these "old timers" was the Cooper House, corner of Anthony—now Worth and Broadway, kept by Chris. Shafer—still plodding along through this vale of tears. Another was "The Senate" kept by Cy. Shay and Butt Allen in Church street, a resort of all classes of Terpsichorean tastes and fast proclivities. The devotees of music, Bacchus and Cupid, could satiate these tastes in this temple of fun. From all the neighboring castles of easy virtue, came fair women, gorgeous in rich raiment and poor in chastity, ready and anxious to take part in the riotous revelry which marked the night-side in the lives of the Senate's patrons.

Within a few minutes' walk from this resort was Sandy Lawrence's hostelry, famed for its "square meals." Sandy could minister to the wants of any man's stomach, be he king or peasant. Opposite this house, on the corner of Leonard street and Broadway, was Mike Murphy's (a celebrated Irish pugilist) sporting drum. On the corner of Elm street, near Franklin, the "Ivy Green," the headquarters of the Empire Club, the strongest and most popular Democratic organization in the state. The destinies of the latter establishment were presided over by John Clancy, afterwards editor of the New York Leader, member of Congress and the state legislature. Among the habitués of the "Ivy Green" might be seen nightly Capt. Isaiah Rynders, the old war horse of politics; Mike Walsh, county clerk and member of Congress in later years, and who was found dead in a cellar a few years since; Matt Brennan, ex-police commissioner and present excellent commissioner of charities; Joe Dowling, New York's famous dead police justice; Gen. Dan Sicles, gallant defender of the Union and ex-minister to Spain, and a host of others who have left their impress on Gotham's history.

The headquarters of the "Unionists," the rival Whig organization, was at 26 Park Row, kept by Tom Hyer, the champion pugilist, that time, of America. Here the leaders of that old party met to fix up the local slates. Bill Harrington was the president of the organization, and his lieutenants were Bill Poole, Abe Vanderzee, Rans Van Valkenburg, Chris Shafer, Moses H. Grinnell, Simeon Draper—both of the latter afterward collectors of the Port of New York; Jim Kelly, afterwards postmaster of New York, and Jim Reed, who distinguished himself by giving Yankee Sullivan the first defeat he ever had in a rough-and-tumble fight. Young Allen was also mixed up with this company, a spectator at times of the events which occurred in this resort. He was taking his first lessons under able tutorage, and all will agree who know his life that he was an apt pupil.

The "tricks of politics" were learned so thoroughly by him that when he struck out on his own hook in that field he surprised his teachers.

The circumstances which led to the Sullivan-Reed "scrapping match" mentioned above, are as follows: There was an intense feeling of rivalry between the Unionist Club and the Empire, which amounted in fact to a bitter hatred of each other.

Yankee Sullivan was considered the leader of the Unionists in fighting matters. If any of that business became necessary, he was delegated to do it. The members of the club regarding him as invincible in that line. A victory gained by him over any one of their opponents was regarded individually by the members as a personal affair.

Country McCloskey, a member of the Empire Club, was standing in front of the Unionists' headquarters, engaged in discussing politics with Jim Reed. From argument the talk degenerated into blackguardism. Country was insulted, and so was his club. He felt unable to resent it, and hurried away over to the "Ivy Green," where he found Sullivan, and brought him to 26 Park Row to get satisfaction. Without much parley Reed and Yankee got down to business. Both men were given an equal chance to win on their merits. For about ten minutes the flag-

stones of Park Row were assaulted mercilessly with the brawny carcasses of the two combatants.

In view of Sullivan's long record of fistic victories, it will be charitable to suppose that upon this occasion he was "out of form."

Whether he was or not, Reed vanquished him as completely as ever a terrier chewed up a rat.

Sullivan's pluck was as good as ever, he had simply learned for the first time a very old truth, "that no man is invincible," and that he who thinks so, will some day be taught his mistake.

Such occurrences as these only served to add fuel to the hatred which each of the two political organizations felt toward each other, and sowed the seeds for further trouble on a larger scale.

The Polk-Clay presidential campaign was the outlet of all this bitterness of feeling. People of to-day bewail the acrimony which now enters into political campaigns. There is a vast difference between the past and present in this regard. Excitement does not run so high as in by-gone days.

A large Clay mass meeting was held in this city, at which political organizations from several large cities were present. Among these out-of-town delegations was The Mill Boys, of Slathers, 1,000 strong. As this body was passing the headquarters of the Empire Club at 28 Park Row, in procession, Country McCloskey came out on the sidewalk, bearing in his hands a game-cock, which he threw into the crowd, and dared them to battle. Tom Hyer, followed by several others, leaped from their horses, and a free fight began. Knives, pistols, swords, clubs and fists were brought into play. Six men bit the dust, and many were dangerously wounded. Allen was riding along with the Mill Boys, and for a time his further existence was very doubtful.

Such affairs bred a factional antipathy between nationalities. The Know-Nothing spirit evinced by native Americans was resented on the slightest pretext.

In the midst of this factional excitement John Morrissey came down from Troy, and took up his residence in Gotham. He had whipped everything in Troy, and was looking for more victories.

His first scrimmage took place with Tom McCann, one of the most popular sporting men at that time in the city. The cause of this fight was a noted cyprian named Kate Ridgely. She was known as McCann's mistress, and kept a fashionable bagnio at 74 Duane street. Although devotedly attached to McCann, Kate coquettishly pretended to think highly of Morrissey. This inflamed McCann's jealousy, and when he met his rival in Sandy Lawrence's house proposed to fight him for an undivided share in Kate's attentions. Morrissey accepted, and never did two knights of old fighting for their "ladye loves" battle more bravely. Both were matched evenly as to weight and muscularity. They literally nipped the floor with each other. Finally Morrissey backed McCann against the large bar-room stove, upsetting it, and causing a large can of boiling water to slop over down his opponent's neck and back. McCann was scalded so badly that he was forced to give up. At the time of this accident he had decidedly the best of the fight.

The place was full of sporting men, and a dispute over the fight arose, when all took a turn at mutilating each other. Paugene singled out Allen, and was making him unrecognizable, when a posse of police under Captain Dan Horgan, fortunately for McCann's friends, put in an appearance and stopped the melee. From that occurrence Bill Poole, who was present, conceived a bitter hatred for Morrissey, which never changed up to the day of his sad death. Whenever they met, no matter under what circumstances, they always indulged in a war of words. Both were afraid to do anything further. They knew that an encounter meant death to one or the other.

Poole had left the butcher business shortly after Morrissey came to New York, and started a drinking saloon on the corner of Howard street and Broadway. This place was fitted up in magnificent style, and was known as the "Bank Exchange." It became the headquarters of gamblers, turfmen, politicians and men of all stripes and callings from all over the country. A visit to Gotham was not complete until a call had been made at the "Exchange."

Poole's genial nature made him a great favorite, and as a tribute to his popularity, his patrons got a grand ball in his behalf, which was held at the Chinese Assembly Room (so called on account of its oriental decoration.) Deputations of fast men and women came from Savannah, Charleston, New Orleans and other large cities to attend. Never before or since has such a free and easy company gathered at any affair as were present on this occasion. Among the number was Morrissey. About 10 o'clock he left, and walked down to the City Hotel, corner of Broadway and Howard street, opposite Poole's saloon. Poole followed shortly after, and also dropped into the hotel. As he entered, Morrissey was standing against the bar, smoking a cigar. The place was full of people, among whom was Allen.

As Poole advanced toward Morrissey, the latter spoke out loudly:—

"Here comes the black-muzzled American fighter."

"Yes, and I'm a dandy" (a favorite expression of his) Poole retorted, sneeringly.

Morrissey straightened himself, and assuming a defiant air, replied: "Yes; you are a dandy, and I can lick you to-morrow morning; and what's more I will bet you \$500 that you dare not meet me and fight me. You can name the place of meeting."

Poole appeared as cool as if arranging some ordinary business. "Put up your money," he said, quietly. "I will name a place, and be there, too." Morrissey put \$500 as forfeit into George Deagle's hands, then clerk of the hotel.

Poole named the foot of Christopher street as the battleground. Big Tom Burns, Morrissey's bosom friend, who was a listener, said, excitedly:—

"No, John, don't go there; that's Poole's headquarters. His gang will kill you if you go there."

With his characteristic shrewdness, Morrissey realized the truth of his friend's caution, and requested Poole to make a change.

"How will the Amos street dock suit you?" asked Poole.

"That's satisfactory," said Morrissey.

"I'll be there bright and early," was Poole's remark as he turned and left the place.

Morrissey immediately despatched messengers to the Dry Dock with notes requesting Tan Reader and Pelick Wamsley, two old warriors, to bring their friends to the Amos street dock early in the morning.

Allen still remained in the hotel, and overheard all of Morrissey's arrangements, and left as soon as they were completed to inform his friend Poole of the enemy's tactics.

Poole sat down and wrote two letters to Reader and Wamsley, requesting them to keep away, and if they did not, he assured them that he would forget that they were ever friends of his.

Such an assurance meant something, coming from Poole.

Allen was sent off post-haste to the Dry Dock, with a ten-dollar sold piece for his trouble.

Late as it is the hour when the fight was arranged, the



news spread rapidly, and was soon the only topic of conversation in all the sporting resorts.

The friends of both parties felt uneasy. A meeting between two such gladiators meant something more than a rough-and-tumble fight, they feared.

The following morning broke bright and pleasant. The two men promptly set out for the dock, followed and preceded by hosts of friends, all wrought up with intense excitement.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Pictures of Poole and Morrissey will appear in the next number of the Police Gazette. A portrait of the former has never appeared in a public print, a fact which will make No. 156 particularly valuable to all who admire the courage and pluck of the famous American rough-and-tumble fighter.

## THE WORLD OF SPORTS.

ALL LETTERS, PORTRAITS AND COMMUNICATIONS IN REFERENCE TO SPORTING MATTERS TO BE ADDRESSED TO W. E. HARDING, SPORTING EDITOR, NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE, NEW YORK.

### Answers to Correspondents.

RED EYE, San Francisco, Cal.—Mike McCool never fought John C. Heenan.

J. W., Pottsville, Pa.—1. Yes. 2. We answer all questions on every subject relating to the sporting world.

LIONEL, Denver City, Col.—Sends us particulars of the Campbell and Murphy prize fight and pictures of the pugilists.

BROOM BOY, Parker's Landing, Pa.—L. P. Myers is an amateur runner. He can out-run any man in the world from 75 to 1,760 yards.

PEDESTRIAN, St. Paul, Minn.—Blower Brown's best record for six day running and walking 553 mile; 170 yards in 140 hours, 20 minutes.

DANNY, Boston, Mass.—1. Read the History of the American Prize Ring, published every week in the GAZETTE. It commences in No. 141. 2. Will publish fights when we come to them.

J. P., Baltimore, Md.—1. On June 12, 1865, Jimmy Elliott challenged Jim Dunn to fight for \$2,500 a side, or any man in America for \$10,000 and at the same time he posted \$500 forfeit with the New York Clipper.

W. P., Virginia City.—1. Send on for Glimpses of Gotham. It is an interesting book full of interesting sketches. 2. Send postage stamps to R. K. Fox, 183 William Street, and GAZETTE will be furnished, also Glimpses of Gotham.

YACHT CLUB, Madison, Mo.—1. The fastest rowing time on record for single sculls is 20m. 14 1/4, made by Charles E. Courtney. 2. The Hanlan and Trickett race is to be rowed on the Thames, England, on Nov. 15. 3. We expect Hanlan will win.

S. P., Herkimer, N. Y.—Barney Aaron beat Sam Collier for \$2,000 and the light-weight championship at Aquia Creek, Va., in June, 1867. 2. Sixty-eight rounds were fought in 2 hours. 3. Barney Aaron resides in this city. 4. The circulation of the GAZETTE is now over 60,000.

PUGILIST, Leavenworth, Kan.—Tim Collins and Billy Edwards fought for \$2,000 and the championship of light weights at East New York, May 25, 1871. Ninety-five rounds were fought in 2h. 15m. when darkness came on and the fight ended in a draw. 2. Edward's left hand was rendered useless in the third round or he would have whipped Collins. That is our opinion.

ROWELL has not yet named the place for the Astley belt contest.

At San Francisco P. J. McIntyre recently ran one mile in 4m. 30s.

ST. JULIEN receives \$3,500 for an exhibition trot at Minneapolis, Minn.

At Brooklyn, N. Y., on August 18th Wm. H. Purdy walked a mile in 6m. 55 1/4s.

NOVEMAC won the six-day go-as-you-please in England. He covered 459 miles.

GRAHAM and Hawley, the Birmingham, Eng., pugilists, have been matched to fight for £50.

HOPEFUL won the free-for-all purse at Hartford, Conn., on Aug. 27, trotting the fourth heat in 2 1/2s.

THE ninth annual regatta of the New Jersey Yacht Club will be sailed on Wednesday, Sept. 1, on the Hudson.

MIKEY WALSH, the noted English pugilist, has challenged Jack Wolden to fight at 124 pounds, for £50 or £100.

LUKE BLACKBURN and Monitor will meet in the great challenge stakes on Sept. 4, weight for age, at one mile and a half.

At St. Paul, Minn., Miss Bell Cook and Miss Emma Jewett have been matched to ride horseback twenty miles for \$5,000.

FRED A. PLAISTED has challenged George Hosmer, the Boston oarsman, to row a three-mile race, with a turn, for \$1,000.

MISS BELL COOK and Miss Emma Jewett are to ride a twenty-mile race with thoroughbreds, for \$5,000, next month, at St. Paul, Minn.

At Hartford, Conn., Aug. 27, St. Julien beat the trotting record—2:11 1/2—by half a second. The fastest mile now on record is 2:11 1/2.

ROBERT WATSON BOYD and William Elliott have been matched to row a race in February next over the Tyne course for £100 or £200 a side.

SLOSSON and Schaefer have decided to play for the billiard championship of America in October. The game will be 600 points for \$1,000 and champion trophy.

In this city Edwin Bibby, the English champion, and Prof. Bauer are to meet in a wrestling match for \$1,000 and the Greco-Roman championship of America.

SAM COLLYER, the noted pugilist will hold a grand boxing show at Jamaica, L. I., on Monday night, Sept. 6. All the champions will appear. Collyer will wind-up with Jack Lydon, of Boston.

At Flushing, L. I., on August 28th an exhibition glove fight between Jimmy Kelly, Harry Hill's champion and John Morton, was won by Kelly. Morton dislocated his shoulder in the eighth round.

ROBERT WATSON BOYD, the English Champion oarsman, has accepted the challenge of William Elliott, of Blythe, to row a match in February next over the Tyne course for £1,000 or £200 a side.

CAPTAIN PAUL BOYTON and George Fearn, the English swimmer, have made a new match to swim for \$1,000.

Boyton to swim 12 1/2 miles to Fearn's 10 miles, the match to take place on Sept. 6, at New York.

EX-CORONER JOHN MAHAN of Jersey City, N. J., better known in sporting circles as Steve Taylor, has arrived in London, Eng., and challenges any man in England to fight with hard gloves for £50 or £100.

At Oney Geoghegan's sporting-house, 105 Bowery, Steve Reilly, better known in sporting circles as Diddon's Mouse, is to be tendered a boxing exhibition on Monday night, September 5th. A rare bill is offered.

At Newport, R. I., the Manhattan Lacrosse Club of New York and the Union Club of Boston, played for the cup offered by the Westchester Polo Club and the championship of America. The Union Club won in three straight games.

JOHN DOBLER is not to be long left in undisturbed possession of the O'Leary championship trophy won by him when he made such a great record at Buffalo, Albert, of Philadelphia, has challenged him to compete for the trophy and \$500.

"TUG" WILSON is the latest pugilist in England who promises to be a formidable candidate for the championship. He stands 5 feet 10 1/2 inches in height, and weighs 175 pounds. He offers to fight any man in England for £200 a side.

BRYAN CAMPBELL, of Brooklyn, who fought Jack Lewis in the Coal Regions, and Harry Hicken, of Philadelphia, at West Virginia, is training at Virginia City to fight Jack Murphy for \$1,000 a side. The fight takes place next month within fifty miles of Virginia City.

To be sung universally on the 15th of November, to the tune of "Babies on Our Block."

Little Eddie Trickett sitting in his boat,  
Sighing, crying, because it wouldn't float;  
Rise, Eddie, rise, wipe your eyes out with your frock—  
For Hanlan's won the boat race from his station by the dock.

At Ottawa, on the 26th inst., there was quite a sporting sensation. Charley McDonald, the champion of Canada, and Paddy Ryan, the United States champion, met in a boxing match. Ryan had announced that he could "beat" McDonald, and the latter's friends told him to look out for Ryan. After the show McDonald and Ryan were introduced to the audience. McDonald is 6 feet 1 inch in height, and weighed 175 pounds. Ryan is a shade taller, but a great deal heavier. The sparring began, and to the surprise of nearly every one, Ryan lacked the science and points in boxing every one supposed he possessed. McDonald, on the other hand, displayed more science, and hit Ryan and stopped a return whenever he desired to do so. McDonald had decidedly the best of the bouts and was loudly cheered. Ryan grew vexed, and tried several times to take advantage of McDonald. The crowd kept cheering, and at last Ryan pulled off the gloves and proposed to fight with the naked fists. McDonald agreed to do so, and intense excitement prevailed among the crowd. McDonald at once began to pull off his gloves, but before he could do so Ryan delivered a terrific left-hander on McDonald's nose, sending the blood flying in all directions. McDonald was staggered by the blow, but quickly recovering, he faced Ryan, and blow for blow was exchanged. The fighting was desperate, and the crowd gathered in the hall yelled loudly to the pugilists to do their best. McDonald managed to punish Ryan severely about the face, while Ryan returned with interest. McDonald had more tact and science than the Trojan giant, but the latter's blows, when they did land, left their mark. The fight was continued for some time until both clenched, when Ryan furling his giant antagonist to the ground with great force. McDonald turned his ankle in the fall and had to be assisted from the stage. The police had now arrived and the friends of the rival pugilists ordered them to stop. McDonald sprained his ankle and was not able to continue the contest. Both pugilists were badly punished, and it is the general opinion that a match will be arranged between McDonald and Ryan to fight with hard gloves for \$500 or \$1,000. McDonald says Ryan is no pugilist, that he can whip him and that he will fight him anywhere for \$500 or \$1,000.

Don't fail to read the Life and Adventures of The Alien and the History of the American Prize Ring published every week in the Gazette.

Pulling a Disorderly House.

Graphically told in the Second Edition of "Glimpses of Gotham." For sale by all newsdealers and book sellers. Price 25 cents. Richard K. Fox publisher, New York.

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At Hartford, Conn., Aug. 27, St. Julien beat the trotting record—2:11 1/2—by half a second. The fastest mile now on record is 2:11 1/2.

ROBERT WATSON BOYD and William Elliott have been matched to row a race in February next over the Tyne course for £100 or £200 a side.

SLOSSON and Schaefer have decided to play for the billiard championship of America in October. The game will be 600 points for \$1,000 and champion trophy.

In this city Edwin Bibby, the English champion, and Prof. Bauer are to meet in a wrestling match for \$1,000 and the Greco-Roman championship of America.

SAM COLLYER, the noted pugilist will hold a grand boxing show at Jamaica, L. I., on Monday night, Sept. 6. All the champions will appear. Collyer will wind-up with Jack Lydon, of Boston.

At Flushing, L. I., on August 28th an exhibition glove fight between Jimmy Kelly, Harry Hill's champion and John Morton, was won by Kelly. Morton dislocated his shoulder in the eighth round.

ROBERT WATSON BOYD, the English Champion oarsman, has accepted the challenge of William Elliott, of Blythe, to row a match in February next over the Tyne course for £1,000 or £200 a side.

CAPTAIN PAUL BOYTON and George Fearn, the English swimmer, have made a new match to swim for \$1,000.

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